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BELL's

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. VII.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

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EPISTLES
HEROIC AND AMATORY.

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HEROIC AND AMATORY.

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EPISTLES
HEROIC AND AMATORY.

EPISTLE I.

ROSAMOND

TO

KING HENRY.

BY WILLIAM PATTISON.

Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et moestis late loca questibus implet. Virg.

FROM these lone shades and ever-gloomy bowers,
Once the dear scenes of Henry's softer hours!
What tender strains of passion can impart
The pangs of absence to an amorous heart!
Far, far too faint the powers of language prove,
Language that slow interpreter of love!
Souls pair'd like ours, like ours to union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought;
O then, by that mysterious art, divine
The wild impatience of my breast by thine!
And, to conceive what I would say to thee,
Conceive, my Love, what thou wouldst say to me!

As in the tenderness of soul I sigh,
Methinks I hear thy tender soul reply ;
And as in thought, o'er heaps of heroes slain,
I trace thy progress on the fatal plain,
Perhaps thy thought explores me thro' the grove,
And, softening, steals an interval of love ;
In the deep covert of a bowering shade
Describes my posture—languishingly laid!
Now, sadly solac'd with the murmuring springs,
Now, melting into tears, the softest things!
And how the feign'd ideas all agree!
So bowers the shade, so melt my tears for thee!
Here, as in Eden, once we blissful lay,
How oft night stole, unheeded, on the day!
Our soft-breath'd raptures charm'd the listening grove,
And all was harmony, for all was love!

But hark! the trumpet sounds! see discords rise!
'Tis honor calls; from me my Henry flies!
Honor to him, more bright than Rosamonda's eyes!
Not thus my honor with his passion strove,
His sighs I pitied, and indulg'd his love :
He then cried, " honor was an empty name,
" And love a sweeter recompense than fame."

Oh! had I liv'd in some obscure retreat,
Securely fair, and innocently sweet ;
How had I bless'd some humble shepherd's arms!
How kept my fame as spotless as my charms!

Then hadst thou ne'er beheld these eyes of mine,
Nor they bewail'd the fatal power of thine!
Dear fatal power! to me for ever dear——
Fix'd in my tender breast, and rooted there!
For ever in my tender breast remain——
And be for ever a delightful pain!

With what surprize those glories first I view'd,
That in one moment my whole heart subdued!
With such resistless beams, so fierce they shone,
Not such the dazzling radiance of thy crown!
Sent from thy crown I never felt a dart;
The lover, not the monarch, won my heart:
Nor e'er the monarch with such charms appears,
As when the lover's soften'd dress he wears:
As when he, silent, deigns my breast to seek,
And looks such language as no tongue can speak.

Whene'er my crimes (if love a crime can be,
If 'tis a crime to live, and die for thee!)
In hideous forms arise, and cloud my soul,
One thought of Henry can that gloom control:
No more my breast alternate passions move,
The frosts of honor melt before the fires of love.

Again I must repeat that fatal hour,
Which snatch'd my Henry from his Woodstock bower;
When mad Bellona, with tumultuous cries,
The hero rouz'd, and drown'd the lover's sighs.

Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease I lay,
And sought by reading to beguile the day;
With amorous strains I sooth'd a grateful fire,
And all the woman glow'd with soft desire.
'Till, as I wish'd, I heard the vocal breeze
Proclaim my Henry rustling thro' the trees;
O'erjoy'd, I ran to meet thy longing arms,
And taste a dear remembrance of thy charms;
But soon I saw some sad conceal'd surprize,
Fade on thy cheeks, and languish on thine eyes;
Thro' each dissembled smile a sorrow stole,
And whisper'd out the secret of thy soul.
What this could mean uncertain to divine;
No fault I knew, yet fear'd some fault was mine.
But soon thy love dispell'd those airy fears,
Dispell'd alas!—but brought too solid cares.
For as with hands, entwin'd in hands, we walk'd,
Of love, and hapless lovers, still thou talk'd:
Thy tears of pity answer'd each sad moan,
And in their seeming miseries wept thy own.
"I cannot leave her!"—I o'erheard thee say,—
Pierc'd to the soul, I sunk, and died away.
What art restor'd me, thou alone canst tell,
For thy kind arms embrac'd me as I fell.
My opening eyes fix'd on thy beauties hung,
And my ears drank the cordial of thy tongue.
Again my thoughts return with killing pain,
Within thy arms I sink, and swoon again:
Again thou dost my sweet physician prove,
From death to life alternately I move,

Now dead by anguish, now reviv'd by love.
But when, without disguise, the truth I found,
My agonizing sorrows knew no bound:
My locks I tore; then all-intranc'd I lay,
Till by degrees my grief to words gave way,
And soft I cried,—"oh! stay, my Henry stay.
One moment more!—add yet,—and yet, a kiss!—
Oh! give me thine, and take my soul in this!
Farewell!—perhaps, farewell for ever!—oh!
Who can sustain so dire a weight of woe?"

Ah! wretched Maid!—alas! a maid no more!
No herbs that spotless title can restore!
Ah! who shall now protect thy injur'd fame?
Who shield thy weakness from th' assaults of shame?
Who lull thy anxious soul to balmy rest,
If Henry, dearest Henry, flie thy breast?

Yet, tho' he flie, your wings, ye Angels, spread,
And hover guardians o'er my Henry's head!
Who knows, but this kind prayer is pour'd too late,
And he already struggles with his fate?
Already wounded, pants, and gasps in death,
And Rosamonda is his latest breath?

Propitious Heaven! vouchsafe a gracious ear!
Grant these be only phantoms of my fear:
Heaven still is gracious, if true suppliants pray!
And lo!—the foul chimeras fleet away!

Transporting prospects to my wishes rise,
Beam on my soul, and brighten in my eyes!
He lives! he lives! I see his banner spread,
And laurels wreath'd round the gay victor's head!
Ye winds! convey the news to Albion's floods!
Ye floods! resound it to the joyous woods!
Ye joyous woods! your tuneful choirs prepare
To hail my Hero from the toils of war!

Delusive scenes! too beautiful to stay!
They fade in visionary streaks away.
Alas! no lovely Henry now is nigh!
His Genius took his form to sooth my eye.
No more I seem his melting voice to hear!
Peace! babbling fountains! nor abuse my ear.
Ye flowers! ye streams! ye gales, no longer move!
For ah! how strong is fancy join'd with love!

O! frail inconstancy of mortal state!
One hour dejected, and the next elate!
Rais'd by false hopes, or by false fears deprest,
How different passions sway the human breast!
Now smiling pleasures with fair charms invite,
Now frowning horrors with black trains affright.
Future distrusts the present joys control,
And fancy triumphs o'er the reasoning soul.

As mid the trees I solitary rove,
The trees awake some image of my love:

Where-e'er their arms in amorous foldings join,
My longing arms I spread to fold in thine.
The beauteous flowers thy face reflected bear,
(If flowers in beauty may with thee compare)
Their wafted fragrancies thy breath inspire,
And my soul kindles with ideal fire!
The thick-weav'd shades, and grove incircling grove,
Are emblems of th' eternity of love.
My blushing guilt the crimson roses paint,
And I, like roses, unsupported faint:
Like theirs my youthful charms (if charms) consume,
For love, a closer canker, eats my bloom.

How blest might other Nymphs survey these scenes,
Fountains, and shades, and hills, and flowery greens?
Prospects on prospects might detain the sight,
And still variety give new delight.
But I, with thee, should find in deserts ease;
Without thee, not even Paradise could please:
Wilds, by thy presence, gardens would appear;
Gardens are wild, since Henry is not here.
Let grottos sink, or porticos arise,
Heedless I view them with unpleasur'd eyes:
Their mantling umbrage cools the noon-day fire,
But what can cool a lover's fierce desire?

In the deep bosom of a darksome shade,
By baleful yew and mournful cypress made,
A widow-turtle weeps her ravish'd love,
And sorrowfully solaces the grove;

Sometimes my passion I aloud disclose;
The widow'd turtle, answering, cooes her woes.

Bred by my hand, my sorrow's sad relief,
A little linnet learns to sigh my grief;
Taught by my voice, and by obedience tame,
The pretty lisper whistles Henry's name:
Perch'd on my head the sylvan syren sings,
And tunes the harsher notes of gurgling springs.

Embosom'd in a vale, thou know'st the shade,
Fast by the murmurs of a soft cascade:
There, while one night full beams of Cynthia play,
(Warm was the night) with wanderings tir'd, I lay,
Till, by degrees, the falling waters clos'd
My eye-lids, and my wearied limbs repos'd.
Sudden the fairy Monarch I behold,
Near he approach'd, and thus my fate foretold:
('Twas the same Oberon, that once we saw
Circle the green, and give his dancers law.)

"Unhappy Nymph! thy beauty is thy crime—
And must such beauty perish in its prime!
No more great Henry shall enjoy those charms,
Nor thou ill-fated Fair adorn his arms!
Cropt like an opening rose, thy fall I fear!
But rise and supplicate the vengeance near."

Then (as methought) I wak'd with threaten'd woes,
Emerging from thick shades a Phantom rose:

One hand sustain'd a short, but naked sword,—
And one a golden bowl with poison stor'd :
The jealous Queen the frowning form express'd,
It spoke, and aim'd the dagger at my breast.

" Arise! nor ask thy crime—but choose thy fate,
Know prayers are vain—repentance is too late!
Vengeance is mine—Here! drink this poison'd bowl,
Or this keen dagger drinks thy guilty soul!"
It ceas'd: convulsions in my bosom strove,
My curdling blood scarce in stiff tides could move.
Thrice I cried, " Henry!" with a feeble sound,
And thrice I started at the sad rebound!
Even echo now grew frightful: with surprize
Trembling I lay, nor dar'd unveil my eyes,
'Till warbling birds proclaim'd the morning light,
And told me, 'twas a vision of the night;
Yet not the morn could chase my gloomy care,
But winds and trees alarm'd my soul with fear;
While waving boughs, that in the sun-beams play'd,
Seem'd to show daggers in each pointed shade.

Why was I form'd with such a coward mind?
The sport of shadows, or a rustling wind!
Nerves, better strung, did manly spirits warm,
Glad would I part with every female charm,
Then, cas'd in steel, the front of battle dare,
And, with great Henry, rouze the soul of war!
This arm should guard the Hero from the foe,
Repel the storm, or intercept the blow;

And should my weakness in the warrior fail,
The soft-beseeching woman should prevail;
For thee I'd sooth each proud insulting foe,
And melt him with petitionary woe;
With thee in every hardy hazard join,
In danger save thy life to make it mine;
By night compose thy harrass'd head to rest,
And hush it on the pillow of my breast;
With patient eyes eternal vigils keep,
And court good Angels to protect thy sleep.

Alas! in vain I urge my frustrate will,
I find myself a feeble woman still;
The feeble woman to my breast returns,
For Henry's gone, and Rosamonda mourns!
O! see my eyes their streaming anguish pour,
O! hear my sighs increase the swelling shower;
What can I more than shed my tears and sighs?
Poor woman's strength alone in weakness lies.

But whither is ungovern'd fancy flown?
Thoughts of impossibilities be gone!
Guilt claims no miracles, nor Heaven conspires
To aid my crimes, and fan my lawless fires.
Life irksome grows; detested is the light,
And my soul dreads the visions of the night.
Swift let me to some hallow'd convent go!—
Can I, for ever, Henry leave?—ah! no:—
But O lost Innocence!—I lost a name:—
O Honor!—broken is the bubble, fame.

Are my sins monstrous? do invented crimes,
Alike unknown to past or present times,
Demand red vengeance? some peculiar curse?—
Crowds stand recorded for the same,—or worse.
Have I, unpitying, heard the poor complain,
Or seen the wretched weep, and weep in vain?
Have I my flame feign'd for a sordid end?
E'er wrong'd a foe, or e'er betray'd a friend?
Not to my charge such crimes has malice brought,
Love, only love, is my unbounded fault:
A fault, that sure may Heaven to pity move,
Since half of Heaven ('tis said) consists in love.

Ah! foolish Nymph!—Here, view the Queen! the laws!—
But there view Henry as th' enchanting cause!
By such a cause the priestess would retire,
And quit the vestal for a nobler fire.

I will again th' immortal Powers implore;
Brave Henry for Britannia's sake restore!
In him she lives, to him her joys are due,
And only sends her earliest thanks to you.
But O! my Lord, my darling Lord, beware!
Tempt not too bold the dangers of the war!
Think, when thou seest the fate-impelling dart,
O! think it aim'd at Rosamonda's heart!
Were but each breast as soft as mine, no more
Should tumults rise, or martial thunders roar:

Heroes should scorn the glories of the field,
And the fam'd laurel to the myrtle yield:
For sweeter passions sweeter strifes inspire,
And love alone should set the soul on fire.

May then these eyes in tears no longer mourn,
But cheerful hail their Henry's wish'd return!
O! swift, victorious, hush the war's alarms!
Swift, if thy Rosamonda boasts some charms,
Fly on the wings of Love and Conquest to her arms!

EPISTLE II.

KING HENRY

TO

ROSAMOND.

By the Same.

SHALL then his beauteous Rosamonda mourn,
Nor Henry's soul the soft complaint return?
O cease, my Fair! I deeply feel thy smart,
And all thy sorrows double in my heart:
Far from my breast, ye scenes of war! remove,
Far from my breast be every scene but love;
Soft rising thoughts as when, in Woodstock-bowers,
Joyful, we lov'd away the laughing hours.

Now midnight rest relieves the soldier's care,
Hush'd are the drums, and every voice of war;
Faint gleam the fires along the dewy field,
And faint the noise that sleeping coursers yield;

Yet Love, the lordly tyrant of my breast,
Alarms my soul, and interrupts my rest:
In vain a nation's cares the monarch move,
For ah! far greater is the monarch Love!

Warm from my lips thy tender letter lies,
And every word is magic to my eyes;
Weeping, I read, and hear thy soft-breath'd woes,
And all the warrior in the lover lose:
Then I by fancy vanish'd joys restore,
Feast on false love, and act past pleasures o'er;
Fancy can sooth my soul with pleasing dreams,
While tented Gallia bowery Woodstock seems;
Led by delusive steps, in thought I rove
Thro' well known greens, and every winding grove;
There, haply on some flowery bank reclin'd,
My sweet-reposing Rosamonda find;
When thou (for then thy secret thoughts I see)
In pious slumbers breath'st thy soul to me;
Dissolv'd with joy, and feasting on thy charms,
I clasp thee in imaginary arms;
And then—ah then!—I seem sincerely blest—
Then only Rosamonda knows the rest—

O glories! empires! crowns! how weak ye prove,
If thus out-rivall'd by a dream of love!
O Love! what joys thy real sweets bestow,
When even their shadows can transport me so!
O bliss extatic! blest relief from cares!

Thus let me lose my soul in softer wars!
Be love's transporting sighs my sweet alarms,
Nor worlds, but Rosamonda crown my arms!
In her alone my full desires agree,
Her charms are empires, glories, all to me!

EPISTLE III.

FROM

DE LA POLE,

Duke of Suffolk.

TO

MARGARET

Queen of Henry the Sixth.

BY W. J.

Oh royal Margaret, from the Kentish strand
Receive these tokens of thy Suffolk's hand,
And may kind Love the sacred charge convey,
And love-born Zephyrs waft it on its way
To thee, thou pride, thou pleasure of my life,
Thou more than friend, than sister, or than wife!

At this sad hour, left friendless and alone,
With my lost greatness all my friends are flown.
Ah, fickle greatness! and ah, friends unkind!
Faith, friendship, duty, vanish into wind!
Say, will my pen prove faithful to my woes,
And the sad story of my grief disclose,
This last sad scene of all my sorrows tell,
And bid the darling of my soul farewell?

When pass'd the dread decree which bade me roam,
For five long years, an exile from my home;
And when Oppression sanctify'd by Might,
And Rapine, hallow'd by the name of Right,
Had seiz'd with impious hand my fair domains,
My native forests, and paternal plains;
And when keen Malice, watchful to destroy,
Raz'd my proud domes, once fill'd with mirth and joy;
Firm and unmov'd the dreadful tale I hear,
Nor think the mighty ruin worth a tear.
Lamp of my life! I shed for thee alone
The frequent tear, and heav'd the ceaseless groan.
Still present to my soul, in act to part,
Thy dear idea clung around my heart;
Ah! had not there thy image been enshrin'd,
That heart had danc'd all lightly as the wind:
Scorn paid with scorn, I then had left the land,
And courted pleasure on another strand.
Pride of thy sex! believe me, whilst I swear
Thou wert alone the cause of all my care;
I swear by all my former feats of arms,
And by an oath more sacred, by thy charms.

I go, sad exile, (such the stern decree!)
For five long years from happiness and thee;
To pass the night in woe, and waste away,
In sad complaints and vain, the lengthening day:
For to the stranger in a friendless land
Time counts the tedious hours with sparing hand.

His lazy sands almost forget to run,
And the long lingering year rolls slowly on,
The lagging months in sad succession flow,
The day too lingers, and the hours move slow.

But oh, my Queen, if Suffolk still be dear,
Still harsher notes than these must grate thy ear,
For Fate's dire laws, unknowing to relent,
Pronounce a harsher doom than banishment!
For me no more soft smiling Hope prepares
The treasur'd joy to calm my present cares.
No more my Hero hangs the friendly light
To guide her true Leander through the night;
Life's fickle sea tempestuous gales deform,
And, my light lost, I perish in the storm.

Brief be the tale—All hopes of pardon o'er,
I sought with sorrowing step the Kentish shore:
Grief my companion, Fortune was my guide,
With heavy heart I scal'd the vessel's side:
Th' attendant crew with ready hands unbind
The spreading sails, and stretch them to the wind;
And the swift vessel, loosen'd from the strand,
Flies from the sinking hills and lessening land;
To Gallia's coast we plough'd the smiling main,
And ah! we all but gain'd the friendly plain;
When lo! a pirate mark'd our hasty flight,
And swiftly chac'd us, unprepar'd for fight;
And now, to reach in peace the friendly shores,

The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
And every art is tried, and every sail
Expanded waves to catch the fleeting gale:
But all in vain to reach the friendly shores
The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
And every art is tried, and every sail
Expands in vain to catch the fleeting gale:
The swift pursuer o'er the watery waste
Urges his course, and, with increasing haste,
Approaching near prepares the missile fight,
And furious force arrests our fruitless flight;
Close by our side the leader gave the word,
With vengeful rage the ruffians haste on board.
Though unprepar'd for war, our numbers few,
Yet still we strove against the lawless crew;
Awhile th' unequal conflict we maintain,
Then sink o'erpower'd beneath the conqueror's chain:
The ruthless ruffians with vindictive breath
Pour bitter threats on all, and menace death,
But chief to Suffolk, as his happier hand
Had maim'd the leader of the ruffian band.
Rous'd by their threats, impatient of the wrong,
I bore but little, nor that little long;
Rashly I told them, for my rage burst forth,
My rank, my name, my titles, and my birth:
But those gay pageants all unuseful prove,
Nor rank regard they, nor can titles move.
Those envied honors, impotent to fame,
Heighten'd their fury, and increas'd their flame.

Now whilst his lot each wretched captive mourns,
To Kent's dread shore the bounding bark returns.
Flush'd with success, each nerve the robbers strain,
Hoist the broad sail, and measure back the main;
And soon we view, for well they plied their oars,
The rising mountains, and approaching shores,
Th' approaching shores we view with anxious eye,
Drop the vain tear, and heave the fruitless sigh.

Whilst in dumb sorrow on the deck I lay,
And cast a long glance o'er the watery way,
Th' unfeeling leader wounds my anguish'd ear
With many a foul reproach and many a sneer,
Arraigns my warlike deeds, insults my name,
Nor spares th' unfeeling wretch my Margaret's fame;
Then, pointing to the strand, he cries, "'Tis nigh,
That is thy destin'd port, prepare to die!"

I heard unmov'd, and now th' increasing gales
Propitious blew, and fill'd the swelling sails,
Near and more near we draw, we gain the strand,
And the sharp keel divides the yellow sand.

A cliff there is, which rears its rocky steep
In awful state, and trembles o'er the deep,
Scarce can the wanderer on the beach below
Lift his tir'd eye to gain the mountain's brow,
For oft from mortal view thick vapors shroud
Its misty top, and wrap it in a cloud;

What time with rising ray the Lord of light
In Eastern climes exalts his banners bright,
Or when, more mild, in purple tints array'd,
Forth from the West he casts a lengthening shade.

Here must I fall, fast by the rolling main
(Nor was the mutter'd spell pronounc'd in vain,
When rose th' infernal Spirit, whilst by night
The sorceress plied th' unutterable rite),
Here bid adieu to crowns, to cares, and strife,
To Margaret and to joy, to love, and life.

But ere my body, on the cold beach spread,
Is mangled thrown, and number'd with the dead,
Let me, to sooth my sorrows, let me cast
One parting view on all my pleasures past,
Nor will my fate deny this transient stay,
Nor will my Margaret blame the lengthen'd lay.

In youthful bloom I plac'd my sole delight
In warlike exercise and feats of fight;
And, more mature, I left the listed plain,
And sought renown in tented fields to gain;
But when to Tours, thy residence, I came,
Unnumber'd beauties fann'd my rising flame;
I gaz'd in speechless rapture on thy charms,
Forgot the tented plain, the feats of arms,
Forgot the listed field, the marshal'd host,
And all the warrior in the lover lost.

Thus I, who 'scap'd the sword and javelin's power,
Launch'd by the foe in danger's darkest hour,
Who 'scap'd th' embattled war and ambush'd fight,
Who 'scap'd dire force by day, and fraud by night,
Undaunted by the woes that wait on arms,
Fall, vanquish'd fall, the victim of thy charms.

Oh vale of Tours, and Loire, maeandering flood,
On whose green bank my Margaret first I view'd,
Oh lovely stream! and oh enchanting grove!
How often have ye heard my tale of love!
Maeandering Loire! how often hast thou seen
This faded form upon thy banks of green,
Seen me with folded arms and visage pale,
Seen my despair, and heard my hapless tale!
And she, the nymph that holds her airy reign
'Mid the steep rocks that tremble o'er the plain,
Lone Echo, musing maid, was wont to stray
Where'er I went, the partner of my way;
Whether I wander'd by the neighboring tide,
Or vent'rous climb'd the mountain's cultur'd side;
Or whether choice my wandering steps invite,
To where, unenvious of the mountain's height,
Of lordships wide and princely treasures vain,
The Benedictine rears his stately fane:
Aloft in air the gorgeous mansion springs,
And towers disdainful of the pomp of kings:
Where'er I wander'd, still the nymph was nigh,
Answer'd my griefs, and gave me sigh for sigh.

With what delight, amid the landscape gay,
The slow stream winds his pleasurable way,
With such delight my life's smooth current roll'd,
By fate allow'd my Margaret to behold.
And, ah! so sad, so languid, and so slow,
When doom'd by Fate thy presence to forego!
Whilst in mute wonder on thy face I gaze,
Dire doubts distract, alarm me, and amaze;
I think, I pause, and many a scheme revolve,
Till at the last I fix'd my firm resolve;
Soon was my plan propos'd, and soon approv'd,
I woo'd for Henry, for myself I lov'd,
And gave, in change for thee, thy Sire to reign
O'er fertile Anjou, and the fields of Maine.
Then straight, for love like mine ill brook'd delay,
To England's court I bent my hasty way,
And soon the tale to Henry's ear convey'd,
Whilst soft persuasion gave me all her aid;
He heard the oft told tale with favoring ear,
And sigh'd in secret for the pictur'd fair:
I mark'd the gradual growth of young desire,
And added fuel to the rising fire;
I nurs'd the flame, and, when maturer grown,
I urg'd the timorous King that flame to own;
When the proud barons, insolent and vain,
Thy rank, thy country, and thyself disdain,
And when the noisy crowd, still prone to strife,
Scorn'd the bought nuptials, and the dowerless wife,
" Hence with the idle tale, enrag'd I cried,
Kingdoms are well exchang'd for such a bride,

It now alone remains to waft her o'er
From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore."

I spoke. Th' attendant lords, with zealous care,
And costly art my princely train prepare;
Soon in her port my gallant vessel rode,
And soon receiv'd with joy her precious load.
And soon my beauteous Queen was wafted o'er
From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore.

When bright in all her charms my Margaret came,
Faction was hush'd, and Pride forgot to blame,
Thy beauty was the theme of every tongue,
Was prais'd by grave and gay, by old and young;
That winning air, that heavenly smile, disarms
E'en Envy's self, enamor'd of thy charms;
She dwells in rapture on thy faultless face,
Majestic mien, and more than mortal grace.

How did thy charms thy Suffolk's bosom move!
How deeply did he drink the draught of Love!
For not the crown that bound thy beauteous brow
Woke my warm wish, or drew the venal vow:
I scorn'd the pageant toys, for, bless'd with thee,
Ah, what were sceptres, what were crowns to me!
Nor gorgeous crowns, nor regal sceptres move;
I listen'd only to the voice of Love.

But now, alas! far other thoughts arise,
Far other scenes distract my closing eyes!

For, ah! the ruthless ruffian chides my stay,
And envious Death denies this short delay;
Denies me longer on the theme to dwell:—
More lov'd than life, my beauteous Queen, farewell!

EPISTLE IV.

FROM

MARY

Queen of France,

TO

CHARLES BRANDON

Duke of Suffolk..

LET these soft lines my kindest thoughts convey,
And tell thee what I suffer by thy stay.
Did seas divide us, this might well excuse
Thy negligence, and my fond heart abuse.
But Calais from the Kentish strand is seen;
A gentle current only rolls between.
Nor needs my Suffolk, like Leander, brave
A present death in every breaking wave,
When, guided only by a glimmering light,
He cross'd the stormy Hellespont by night.
Tall ships, with flying sails and laboring oars,
Attend to land thee on the Gallic shores.
But thou art chang'd—that ardor is expir'd,
Which once thy wishes with impatience fir'd;
When Savoy's blooming duchess strove in vain
From me the conquest of thy heart to gain:

Invited by great Henry's martial fame,
The haughty princess, with her brother, came
To compliment the King for Tournay gain'd;
Where, in a rich pavilion entertain'd,
Thy noble form th' unguarded Fair surpriz'd;
Nor were her tender wishes long disguis'd:
Whatever Flattery, Love, or wanton Art,
Could do, she practis'd to seduce thy heart.
Great Antony, by such allurements gain'd,
For Cleopatra all his glory stain'd:
But thy firm faith no injury receiv'd;
For you still lov'd, or I was well deceiv'd:
Nor were my virgin vows less true to thee,
When young Castile address'd the court for me.
The charms of proffer'd empire I resign'd;
Brandon was more than empire to my mind:
While, without rivals, in thy breast I reign'd,
My thoughts the pageantry of power disdain'd.
But, ah! what changes human joys attend!
On fickle turns our brightest hopes depend.
Victorious Henry's arms still meet success;
The vanquish'd Gauls at last propose a peace.
By Wolsey's policy their terms succeed;
The long contending nations are agreed;
And I the public victim am decreed.
Condemn'd to share the Christian Monarch's bed,
And curs'd with that magnificence I fled.
I knew my rank no private choice allow'd,
And what a Princess to her country ow'd.
These splendid maxims should have sway'd my breast,

But Love entirely had my soul possess'd.
How oft I wish'd my kinder destiny
Had sunk the Queen in some obscure degree;
While, crown'd by rural maids with painted flowers,
I rang'd the fields, and slept in verdant bowers;
Belov'd of some young swain, with Brandon's face,
His voice, his gesture, and his blooming grace,
In all but birth and state resembling thee!
Then unmolested we had liv'd, and free
From all the curst restraints which greatness brings;
While grots, the meads, the shades, and purling springs,
The flowery valley, and the gloomy grove,
Had heard of no superior name to Love.
Such scenes of this inglorious life I drew,
And half believ'd the charming fiction true,
Till real ills dissolv'd the pleasing dreams,
The groves and vallies fled, the lawns and silver streams.
The gay fantastic paradise I mourn'd;
While courts and factions, crowns and cares, return'd.

With sighs I still recall the fatal day,
When no pretence could gain a longer stay.
The lovely Queen my parting sorrow saw,
Nor Henry's presence kept my grief in awe.
No rules of decent custom could control,
Or hide the wide disorder of my soul,
When shipp'd for France before the dancing wind
The navy fled and left my hopes behind.

With weeping eyes I still survey'd the strand,
Where on a rising cliff I saw thee stand;
Nor once from thence my stedfast sight withdrew,
Till the lov'd object was no more in view.
"Farewell, I cry'd, dear charming Youth! with thee
Each chearful prospect vanishes from me."

Loud shouts and triumphs on the Gallic coast
Salute me; but the noisy zeal was lost.
Nor shouts nor triumphs drew my least regard,
Thy parting sighs, methought, were all I heard.
But now at Albeville by Louis met,
I strove the thoughts of Suffolk to forget;
For here my faith was to my monarch vow'd,
And solemn rites my passion disallow'd:
However pure my former flames had been,
Unblemish'd honor made them now a sin.
But scarce my virtue had the conquest gain'd,
And every wild forbidden wish restrain'd;
When at St. Dennis, with imperial state
Invested, on the Gallic throne I sate;
The day with noble tournaments was grac'd,
Your name amongst the British champions plac'd.
Invited by a guilty thirst of fame,
Without regard to my repose, you came.
The lists I saw thee entering with surprize,
And felt the darting glances of thine eyes.

"Ye sacred Powers, I cry'd, that rule above!
Defend my breast from this perfidious love!

Ye holy Lamps! before whose aweful lights
I gave my hand; and ye religious rites!
Assist me now; nor let a thought unchaste,
Or guilty wish, my plighted honor blast!"
While passion, struggling with my pious fears,
Forc'd from my eyes involuntary tears.
Some tender blossom thus, with leaves enlarg'd,
Declines its head, with midnight dew o'ercharg'd:
The passing breezes shake the gentle flower,
And scatter all around a pearly shower.
From this distracting hour I shunn'd thy sight,
And gain'd the conquest by a prudent flight.
But human turns, and sovereign destiny,
Have set me now from those engagements free.
The stars, propitious to my virgin love,
My first desires and early vows approve;
While busy politicians urge in vain,
That public reasons should my choice restrain;
That none but York's or Lancaster's high race,
Or great Plantagenet's, I ought to grace!
Nor Suffolk wants a long illustrious line,
And worth that shall in future records shine.
They own'd thy valor when thy conquering lance
Carry'd the prize from all the youth of France.
Thy merit Henry's constant favor shows,
And Envy only can my choice oppose.
Thy noble presence, wit, and fine address,
The British and the Gallic court confess.
Alançon's shape, and Vendôme's sparkling eye,
Count Paul's gay mien, and Bourbon's majesty,

No longer are admir'd, when thou art by.
There nothing wants to justify my flame,
The statesmen grant, but a poor empty name.
And what 's the gaudy title of a King?
What solid bliss can royal grandeur bring?
When thou art absent, what's the court to me,
But tiresome state, and dull formality?
This toy a crown I would resign, to prove
The peaceful joys of innocence and love.

EPISTLE V.

FROM

LADY JANE GRAY

TO

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE TOWER, A FEW DAYS BEFORE THEY SUFFERED.

BY G. KEATE, ESQ.

> Quis Regni posthac confidet viribus? aut quem
> Gloria decipiet Sceptri, Soliive superbi
> Lubrica Majestas?------ Supplem. Lucan.

FROM these dread walls, this melancholy Tow'r,
Doom'd the sad victim of relentless Pow'r,
Where Ruin sits in gloomy pomp array'd,
And circling horrors spread their mournful shade,
I send the tribute of a short'ning life,
The last memorial of a faithful Wife.
For ev'ry hope on this side Heav'n is fled,
And Death's pale banner waves around my head.
It yet perchance may cheer my Lord to know
That SUFFOLK's Daughter sinks not with her woe:

Beneath its weight I feel myself resign'd;
Tho' strong its pressure, stronger still my mind.
This duty paid to Thee, each care is o'er,
Nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.

Yet spite of all, one anxious thought survives,
For Thee, my GUILFORD, 'tis for Thee it lives.
Yes, Thou alone with Heav'n divid'st my heart,
Tho' all Heaven's due, yet Nature gives Thee part.
If love be still a crime, I'm guilty still,
But to forget, depends not on our will.
Affection once deep rooted in the breast,
Is sometimes shook, tho' rarely dispossest;
The ruling passion there in triumph reigns,
It sooths my weakness, but augments my pains.
O'er the dear past my roving fancy flies,
And brings thy image to my raptur'd eyes.
No mourner's weeds, no captive's chain it wears,
But bright in all its native charms appears;
Such grace, such virtue beaming from thy brows,
As stole my heart, and fix'd my virgin vows;
Such as Thou wert, when at the altar's side
I gave Thee up my hand, a willing Bride:
How little then expected we to find
Our nuptial wreath by Death had been intwin'd!
Scenes different far from these gay HOPE display'd!
Ah! how the false one sung, and how betray'd!
Each joy she promis'd perish'd in its birth,
And ev'ry flatt'ring blossom fell to earth!——

But from Man's weakness still some comfort flows,
'Tis that he nought beyond the present knows;
Heav'n draws a friendly curtain o'er his doom,
And hides in deepest shades each ill to come.——
Then be its will ador'd, which, understood,
From seeming mischief draws forth certain good.
Nor in these lines suspect that I complain,
Tho' mem'ry loves to trace past time again.

Thus do I waste the solitary day,
With tedious pace thus creep my hours away;
And when the Moon, rob'd in her paler light,
Revisits mortals, and directs the Night,
If then my weary'd strength some slumber shares,
The Soul reflecting wakes to all her cares:
Delusion o'er my mind usurps command,
And rules each sense with Fancy's magic wand.
One moment tidings of forgiveness brings,
Descending Mercy speads her cherub wings;
Our guards are vanish'd, ev'ry grief effac'd,
We meet again, embracing and embrac'd.——
O bliss supreme!——but too supreme to last;
Ere words can find their way, the vision's past:
It fleets, I call it back——it will not hear,
And fearful shadows in its place appear.
The unrelenting Queen stalks fiercely by,
Fate on her brow, and fury in her eye.——
Hark! the dread signal that compleats our woes:—
Hark! the loud shoutings of our barb'rous Foes!—

I see the axe rear'd high above thy head,——
It falls!—and GUILFORD's number'd with the dead.
Alas! how ghastly!——Ev'ry vein streams blood,
And the pale corpse sinks in the crimson flood.——
Could that sad Form be once my Soul's delight?——
Quick tear the mad'ning Phantom from my sight.
Hold, hold your hands, ye Ministers of Fate,
Suspend the blow, lest Mercy come too late;
Let Innocence at last your pity move,
And spare my Lord, my Husband, and my Love!—
NORTHUMBERLAND! Thee, Thee could I upbraid,
And bid Thee view the ruin thou hast made.
This tragic picture thy ambition plann'd,
And all its colors own thy daring hand.
But thou art fall'n!—Nor shall my parting breath
Call out for vengeance in the hour of death:
I as thou wert, am to the Scaffold doom'd,
Soon with my ancestors must lie entomb'd;
With the world's transient contests I have done,
The hast'ning sands of life are nearly run;
A moment such as this, is not the time
To blame thy weakness, or reproach thy crime!
May all remembrance of thy guilt subside,
And the dark grave thy dust and frailties hide!

The searching eye of Heav'n, whose wisdom darts
Thro' all the mean disguises of our hearts,
And ev'ry silent motive, knows alone
With what reluctance I approach'd the throne.

I never sigh'd for Grandeur's envy'd rays,
For regal Honors, or a Nation's praise.
My bosom never felt Ambition's fire;
For what exchange could GUILFORD's Wife desire?
The bloom of MAY beneath our feet was spread,
And all its roses deck'd our nuptial bed.
With Thee conjoin'd, each social joy I found;
With Thee conversing, Pleasure breath'd around.
To prize the world aright, and form the mind
To my lov'd books my leisure I resign'd:
Or absent thou, to cheer the ev'ning's gloom,
Encircled with my Maidens, ply'd the Loom.
PEACE was my *Sister*, and my *Friend* CONTENT,
The best companion e'er to mortals sent;
Plac'd at my side, they tun'd their soothing lyres,
And sung those carols Innocence inspires.
But when, obedient to a Father's pow'r,
And the last wish of EDWARD's dying hour,
Destructive counsel! I my home forsook,
Assum'd the purple, and the sceptre took,
Swift from my sight the heav'nly Pair withdrew,
And *Friend* and *Sister* bade me both adieu.

Let such as, flatter'd by a pompous name,
Risk their own quiet in pursuit of Fame,
Beware th' exchange; awhile their purpose turn,
And from a *wretched Queen* one moral learn.
It is the cheat of ev'ry worldly joy,
To tempt when distant, but possess'd to cloy;

Hence flows a truth of much import, 'tis this;
"Content's the highest pitch of human bliss,"
Strange we should then the proffer'd boon reject!
All know to seek it, yet the search neglect.
To no one soil, no station 'tis confin'd,
Springing, if cultur'd, in each steady mind,
Far from Ambition's fiery tract it flies,
But lives with Virtue, and with Virtue dies!

O had our lot by kinder stars been thrown
Beneath some lonely shade, to Fame unknown;
Far from those scenes remov'd, where Pride resorts,
Far from the Cares, far from the Crimes of Courts,
Unconscious of the thorns which wound the Great,
Our lengthen'd years had own'd a happier fate:
Pleas'd with our fortune, by ourselves approv'd,
Secure from Envy, and by all belov'd.
Whilst, from a busy, faithless World retir'd,
By no blind folly vex'd, no passion fir'd,
Calmly we then afar had heard the strife,
The noise, the tumult that perplexes life;
Smil'd at Contention's visionary plan,
And the vain toils of self-deluded man.

Yet cease, my heart, these plaintive murmurs cease;
For why, my GUILFORD, should I wound thy peace?
Why with imagin'd joys thy thoughts engage,
Since we are fetter'd on a tragic stage?

But say, what Tyranny can reach the Soul?
What Terrors shake her, or what Force control?
Immortal as the Pow'r from whence she springs,
Sick of her home, she mounts on Fancy's wings,
With inborn Freedom nourish'd, spurns her chains,
And roves unbounded thro' ideal scenes!
Ideal joys are all I now have left,
Of Thee,——a Crown,——and Liberty bereft;
Torn from the pleasures of domestic life,
From each fond rapture of a virtuous Wife:
By all Hope here forsaken!——'tis in vain
That Reason whispers I should not complain:
A sigh will heave, in spite of all my pow'rs;
And sighs are due to miseries like ours.——
Ha! meet no more!——How cruel the decree!——
Heart-rending sentence!——No——It must not be.
Down prison walls, each obstacle remove,
And let me clasp once more the Man I love!
One parting look a wretched Wife desires;
One parting kiss the seal of Death requires!——
And is there none to plead th' Unhappy's suit?——
——All ears are deaf, and ev'ry tongue is mute!——
Then, come the worst—Yet, howsoe'er distrest,
Still shall thy Image live within my breast;
My senses still that object shall pursue,
And each fond wish be offer'd up for You.
Tho', all unfeeling for this bleeding heart,
Our Foes dismiss to Heav'n thy nobler part,

Deep in the dust thy injur'd form I'll trace,
And grudge th' unconscious grave its cold embrace.—
But hold thy hand, presumptuous Woman, hold;
Too warm thy passion, as thy pen too bold.
Far other thoughts the present hour demands,
Lo! at my side the shadowy Monarch stands;
Aid me, great Teacher, this hard conflict end,
Tho' *King of Terrors* call'd, I'll hail thee *Friend!*
Since thou alone portray'st to mortal eyes
How weak, how baseless are the joys we prize:
Thou mock'st our useless toils, our mimic state,
And warn'st a brother, by a brother's fate!
Thy moral then shall not be lost on me,
Convinc'd, my Soul approves the just decree;
And unrepining quits this scene of strife,
Which points thro' Virtue to a happier Life.

The Priest this morn, with every art endu'd,
Th' accursed purpose hath again renew'd;
"Be ours," he cries, "our better faith embrace,
"And live preserver of your falling race.
"Tho' yet misled, stand forth the child of ROME,
"The Queen, in mercy, will avert your doom."
Merciful Queen!——Yet since thus greatly kind,
Tell us what mercy shall th' Apostate find?
Thy royal mandate may decide our fates,
But Peace alone on conscious duty waits;

Who wars against it, does the work of hell,
And arms a Daemon he can never quell;
Whose shafts receiv'd, search the wide globe around,
Nor herb, nor balsam heals the fatal wound.
Bear back, false WINCHESTER, thy proffer'd bliss,
Weigh crowns and kingdoms with a deed like this,
Far, far too light in Wisdom's eye they seem,
Nor shake the scale, while Reason holds the beam.—
And can she, GUILFORD, deem me sunk so low,
So fondly wedded to this world of woe,
To think her bounty would my fears entice
To purchase fleeting breath at such a price?
Which when obtain'd, the poor precarious toy
A thousand ills might weaken, or destroy?——
No——Since I'm sworn a sister to Mischance,
Let the clouds gather, let the storm advance,
Unmov'd, its bursting horrors I'll defy,
And steady to my faith a Martyr die.
For Life's, alas! too like the transient rose,
Which oft is blasted the same day it blows;
Its beauty from the wind a blight receives,
Or some foul canker taints its crimson leaves!
Nor judge it hard to fall an early flow'r,
Rescu'd perchance from some tempestuous shower,
From noxious vapors arm'd with force to kill,
The noontide sunbeam, or the ev'ning's chill.
Howe'er the thought appal, Death's gloomy road
By ev'ry mortal foot must once be trod!

Deep thro' the Vale of Tears man's journey lies,
And sorrow best prepares him for the skies!——
O then, my Husband, I conjure thee, hear,
If SUFFOLK's Daughter e'er to Thee was dear,
By ev'ry wish of happiness to come,
By ev'ry hope beyond the mould'ring tomb;
If anxious that thy better fame should soar,
And shine applauded when the Man's no more:
Let not the wily Churchman win thine ear,
Or sooth thy weakness by his fraudful care;
But arm'd with Constancy's unfailing shield,
As God's own soldier valiant, scorn to yield.
So when Religion, stript of each disguise,
In ancient purity again shall rise,
To her true throne once more shall be restor'd,
And rule by *Reason*, stronger than the *Sword*,
Posterity our merits may attest,
And our fair deeds by all good men be blest.
In distant times, then shall old people tell
How firmly GUILFORD and his Consort fell.
To all their list'ning family relate,
How our faith triumph'd, though our woes were great.
Then shall each youth and maid our names revere,
Grace our sad story with a gen'rous tear,
And give our dust this *Requiem* with a sigh,
"Peace guard the shrine where Virtue's Children lie."

O THOU SUPREME, on whom we all depend,
Our common Parent, and our common Friend,
Who deign'st to watch us from thy distant skies,
Bidding the pray'rs of humbled suff'rers rise,
Ruler of Heav'n, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And save from civil rage my native land.
Let ROME's ambitious sons no more prevail,
Blast all their hopes, and let their counsels fail.
Raise up some Prince to perfect that great plan
Thy servant EDWARD (under Thee) began;
That Error's clouds dispers'd, may ne'er return,
And thy pure light with fires rekindled burn.
So, Peace, sad fugitive, again shall smile,
And fix her dwelling on this prosper'd Isle.——
Whilst for myself one only boon I crave,
Support that fortitude thy Mercy gave;
The heart thou mad'st, preserve severely just
Firm in its fate, and steady to its trust.
There, whilst it beats, thy praise shall ever reign,
Live, whilst it lives, and flow in ev'ry vein:
Praise the sole tribute I have left to give,
Nay, all a GOD from Mortals can receive.

Come then, my Lord, my Husband, and my Love,
(For Death alone those titles shall remove)
With decent courage meet thy certain doom,
Nor shrink with horror at the op'ning tomb.
What from the grave can virtue have to fear?
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from the worst despair;

All strife, all human contests 'twill adjust,
Nor can the hand of Pow'r insult the dust!——
Religion sitting by the Mourner's side
Inspires that comfort which the World deny'd;
And, 'midst our woes, of this one truth we're sure,
Whate'er is mortal cannot long endure.
Our pains, as well as joys, soon find an end,
And, tir'd of both, we call our shroud a Friend!—
Meet it as such, my GUILFORD, nor thy soul
O'er-awe with fancy, or with fear control.
Think, 'twill the rigor of thy lot repay,
Think, 'tis a passport to the realms of day.
On Faith's strong pinions thou shalt wing thy flight,
And (the World conquer'd) with the Blest unite.
The pomp of Death, the scaffold, and the steel,
The Man recoiling, may an instant feel,
For Nature will be heard; but be thy mind
Warm with its future prospects, and resign'd.——
What then remains for me?—Ah! wherefore ask?—
Fain would my trembling pen avoid the task;
Here would it stop, nor wake thy suff'rings more,
But idle ceremony now is o'er;
These tear-stain'd lines must their whole purpose tell,
And bid my dying Lord a last farewell.
A last! a long farewell!——Oh cruel sound,
It pains, it tears, it harrows up my wound.
Alas! the transient dream!—Down, rebel Heart,—
Yet, keen their pangs that must for ever part!——
A thousand, thousand things I had to say,

But the fleet minutes suffer no delay.
Might these fond eyes once more that form behold,
These arms, tho' 'twere in death, my Love enfold?
A Woman's weakness sure might be forgiven,
And this last frailty be absolv'd by Heav'n,——
'Twas a rash wish;—no—shun me,—for I fear
A final interview we could not bear!
Ere yet a little space, this scene will close,
And end the malice of our ruthless foes.
Arm'd as we are for Fate, we'll die content;
Fortune hath done its worst,——its rage is spent.
To happier mansions we shall soon remove,
And meet in bliss, for we shall meet above,
Crown'd with eternal peace, we then shall own
How poor the contest for a worldly throne!
No feuds, no treasons can our joys molest,
Or shake th' immortal triumphs of the Blest!——
And see, our wish'd-for haven is not far,
This hope shall cheer us like a guiding star;
Safe in our sea-beat bark we'll stem the flood,
And spread each sail to meet the coming Good.—
Descend, my Guardian Angel, from the skies,
In my firm breast let dauntless Virtue rise;
Loose, loose all ties that hold me captive here,
And from my mem'ry blot what most was dear.——
Yes, my Deliv'rer, yes, I find thy aid;
Each passion's calm, and all the storm is laid.
I felt its influence, GUILFORD, as I spoke;
The complicated chain at length is broke;

Life's vain enchantments all have ta'en their flight,
And Earth diminish'd fades before my sight;
One last, sad, parting sigh is left for You;
The rest is Heav'n's:—a long—long—long Adieu!

EPISTLE VI.

FROM

LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL

TO

WILLIAM LORD CAVENDISH.

BY GEO. CANNING, ESQ.

Lost to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While Night's black shades augment the savage sound,
Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, Cavendish, to thee.

Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of Praise;
When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy generous soul with tales of woe;

No: view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd——
Heavens! with what pride that moment I recall!
Who would not wish, so honor'd, thus to fall!
When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inspir'd
Her chosen sons, with love of Freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
Minions of Power, and worshippers of Gain,
To save from Bigotry its destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannic sway.

'Twas then my CA'NDISH caught the glorious flame,
The happy omen of his future fame;
Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,
His words deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,
Had power to make even Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in Oratory's lore,
Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs o'er,
In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd.

Justice prevail'd; yes Justice, let me say,
Well pois'd her scales on that auspicious day.
The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
Nor trusts his flock to try the unequal war;

What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,
And check the fire that flashes from his eyes,
Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,
Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid,
Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
His jaws distend, his fiery eyeballs glare,
While ghastly Desolation, stalking round,
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, Memory, fail! nor let my mind revolve,
How England's Peers annull'd the just resolve,
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low!

Degenerate nobles! Yes, by Heaven I swear,
Had BEDFORD'S self appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart the exclusion of apostate JAMES,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the charge.

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
Time cannot change, nor Tyranny control;
While free, they hung upon my pensive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foil'd I submit, nor think the measure hard,
For conscious Virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtile art,
To wring retraction from my tortured heart;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country must be sav'd;
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own;
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd,
Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
But banish JAMES, or England is no more.

Friendship her tender offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,
Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb——
Zeal for my country's freedom is my crime!
Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,
CHARLES be a saint, and JAMES his nature change.

Press'd by my Friends, and RACHEL's fond desires,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd;
I sued—the weak attempt I blush to own—
I sued for mercy, prostrate at the throne.
O! blot the foible out, my noble friend,
With human firmness human feelings blend!
When Love's endearments softest moments seize,
And Love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's strongest ties the soul enthrall,
(Thou canst conceive, for thou hast felt them all!)

Let him resist their prevalence, who can;
He must, indeed, be more or less than man.

Yet let me yield my RACHEL honor due,
The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too!
Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame!
When suppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,
And, wonderous strange! ev'n BEDFORD's gold prov'd vain,
The informer's part her generous soul abhorr'd,
Though life preserv'd had been the sure reward;
Let impious ESCRICK act such treacherous scenes,
And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O! my lov'd RACHEL! all-accomplish'd fair!
Source of my joy, and soother of my care!
Whose heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,
Have bless'd through happy years my peaceful arms!
Parting with thee into my cup was thrown,
Its harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan!—
But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—
And now the bitterness of death is past.

BURNET and TILLOTSON, with pious care,
My fleeting soul for heavenly bliss prepare,
Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day.
Charm'd, as of old when Israel's prophet sung,
Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,

While the great bard sublimest truths explor'd,
Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd;
So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies.

But when descending from the sacred theme,
Of boundless power, and excellence supreme,
They would for man, and his precarious throne,
Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,
Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands;
The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
And stop the source whence all his power he draws?
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay?
To shameful falshoods venal slaves suborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn?
Deride Religion, Justice, Honor, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the name?
In Luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his subjects chains?
And shall he hope the public voice to drown,
The voice which gave, and can resume his crown!

When Conscience bares her horrors, and the dread
Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,

Wrings his black soul; when injured nations groan,
And cries of millions shake his tottering throne;
Shall flattering churchmen soothe his guilty ears,
With tortured texts, to calm his growing fears;
Exalt his power above the aetherial climes,
And call down Heaven to sanctify his crimes!

O! impious doctrine!—Servile priests away!
Your Prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the Monarch! who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless power!
The magic potion boils within his veins,
And locks each sense in adamantine chains;
Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,
The wild delirium each fresh draught renews;
In vain his people urge him to refrain,
His faithful servants supplicate in vain;
He quaffs at length, impatient of control,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your aims,
You ev'n could make a SOLOMON of JAMES.
Behold the pedant, thron'd in awkward state,
Absorb'd in pride, ridiculously great;
His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
His prelates call his voice the voice of God;

Weakness and vanity with them combine,
And JAMES believes his majesty divine.
Presumptuous wretch! almighty power to scan,
While every action proves him less than man.

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
Martyr'd by you, a royal CHARLES has bled.
Teach then, ye sycophants! O! teach his son,
The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun;
Teach him to prize Religion's sacred claim,
Teach him how Virtue leads to honest fame,
How Freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,
Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
Point to his view his people's love alone,
The solid basis of his stedfast throne;
Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,
The bad to punish, and the good reward,
Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,
And willing subjects shall with pride obey,
Shall vie to execute his high commands,
His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their hands.

Happy the Prince! thrice firmly fix'd his crown!
Who builds on public good his chaste renown;
Studious to bless, who knows no second aim,
His people's interest, and his own the same;
The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
And thus Heaven's high prerogative he shares.

Wide from the throne the blest contagion spreads,
O'er all the land its gladdening influence sheds,
Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
And foul Corruption flies the indignant shore.

His ministers with joy their courses run,
And borrow lustre from the royal sun.

But should some upstart, train'd in Slavery's school,
Learn'd in the maxims of despotic rule,
Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantic pride,
(Mysterious cloak! the mind's defects to hide!)
Sordid in small things, prodigal in great,
Saving for minions, squandering for the state——
Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,
Obscure the glories of a prosperous reign;
Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,
A pious prince's unsuspecting heart;
Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne;
To guide the helm a motley crew compose,
Servile to him, the king's and country's foes;
Meanly descend each paltry place to fill,
With tools of power, and panders to his will;
Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,
Except such slaves as bow the knee to Baal——
Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour——
Short be the date of his detested power!

Soon may his sovereign break his iron rods,
And hear his people; for their voice is God's!

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers! cease,
Suffer your rulers to repose in peace;
By Reason led, give proper names to things,
God made them men, the people made them kings:
To all their acts but legal powers belong,
Thus England's Monarch never can do wrong;
Of right divine let foolish FILMER dream,
The public welfare is the law supreme.

Lives there a wretch, whose base, degenerate soul
Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern control?
Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand
In galling chains that binds his native land?
Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
Abandon all his ancestors held dear?
Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
England's Great Charter made a ruffian's spoil;
Hear, unconcern'd, his injured country groan,
Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne?
Let such to freedom forfeit all their claims,
And CHARLES's minions be the slaves of JAMES.

But soft awhile——Now CAVENDISH, attend
The warm effusions of thy dying friend;
Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
When thus to Heaven he makes his last appeal.

All-gracious God! whose goodness knows no bounds!
Whose power the ample universe surrounds!
In whose great balance, infinitely just,
Kings are but men, and men are only dust;
At thy tribunal low thy suppliant falls,
And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls!

Thou hear'st not, Lord! an hypocrite complain,
And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain;
To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still canst spare!
Though partial power its ministers may awe,
And murder here by specious forms of law;
The axe, which executes the harsh decree,
But wounds the flesh, to set the spirit free!
Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,
Who, spurning earth, to Heaven for refuge flies;
And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
Builds his firm trust; that rock can never fail!

Hear then, Jehovah! hear thy servant's prayer!
Be England's welfare thy peculiar care!
Defend her laws, her worship chaste, and pure,
And guard her rights while Heaven and Earth endure!
O let not ever fell Tyrannic Sway
His blood-stain'd standard on her shores display!
Nor fiery Zeal usurp thy holy name,
Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame!

In vain let Slavery shake her threatening chain,
And Persecution wave her torch in vain!
Arise, O Lord! and hear thy people's call!
Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall!

O! that my blood may glut the barbarous rage
Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills assuage!—
Grant but that prayer, I ask for no repeal,
A willing victim for my country's weal!
With rapturous joy the crimson stream shall flow,
And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow!

But should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human gore,
Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more,
And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted land,
Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand—
Blast her fell purpose! blast her foul desires!
Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires!

Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain
The sacred compact, by which monarchs reign!
Wise to foresee all danger from afar,
And brave to meet the thunders of the war!
Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
And love of freedom fill his generous mind!
Warm let his breast with sparks coelestial glow,
Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe!

While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm!
Inspire his councils! aid his righteous sword!
Till Albion rings with Liberty restor'd!
Thence let her years in bright succession run!
And Freedom reign coeval with the sun.

'Tis done, my CA'NDISH, Heaven has heard my prayer;
So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
That happy coast, whence all our hopes arise!
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king!
From whose green years maturest blessings spring;
Whose youthful arm, when all-o'erwhelming Power
Ruthless march'd forth, his country to devour,
With firm brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,
And stopp'd th' unwieldy giant in his course.

Great William hail! who sceptres could despise,
And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes!
O! when will princes learn to copy thee,
And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free!

Haste, mighty Chief! our injur'd rights restore!
Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore!
Haste, mighty Chief! ere millions groan enslav'd;
And add three realms to one already saved!

While Freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,
And reap fresh honors each returning year;
Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,
And endless ages bless thy glorious name!

Then shall my CA'NDISH, foremost in the field,
By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield;
While willing legions crowd around his car,
And rush impetuous to the righteous war.
On that great day be every chance defied,
And think thy RUSSELL combats by thy side;
Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy generous toil,
Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart believe
Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive;
Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
But O! reject the baseless, flattering tale.

Think not that promises, or oaths can bind,
With solemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind;
Which yields to all the holy juggler saith,
And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
What though the Bigot raise to Heaven his eyes,
And call the Almighty witness from the skies!
Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,
All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud,
And saint the perjurer for the pious fraud.

Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,
And seek proud Rome, the fosterer of his crimes;
There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,
And scatter empty thunders in the air,
Grimly preside in Superstition's school,
And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.

Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu.
While Heaven's bright mansions open to my view!—

Yet still one care, one tender care remains;
My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!
Watch o'er my Son, inform his waxen youth,
And mould his mind to virtue and to truth;
Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
And envy him, who for his country dies;
In one short sentence to comprize the whole,
Transfuse to his the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend!
Live for thy country, live to guard her laws,
Proceed, and prosper in the glorious cause;
While I, though vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
But boldly face my foes, and bravely die.

Let princely MONMOUTH courtly wiles beware,
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;
Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
Heaven only knows how noble ESSEX fell!

SIDNEY yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
Ranges at large through systems unconfin'd;
Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's power,
And hurls defiance even from the Tower;
With tranquil brow awaits the unjust decree,
And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

CA'NDISH, farewell! may Fame our names entwine!
Through life I lov'd thee, dying I am thine;
With pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,
And thus inscribe my monumental stone.

"Here RUSSEL lies, enfranchis'd by the grave,
He priz'd his birthright, nor would live a slave.
Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
Dear were his friends, his country still more dear;
In parents, children, wife, supremely bless'd,
But that one passion swallow'd all the rest;
To guard her freedom was his only pride,
Such was his love, and for that love he died."

Yet fear not Thou, when Liberty displays
Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise;
For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his fate,
And think'st, perhaps, his sufferings were too great,)
Bless'd as he was, at her imperial call,
Wife, children, parents, he resign'd them all;
Each fond affection then forsook his soul,

And AMOR PATRIAE occupied the whole;
In that great cause he joy'd to meet his doom,
Bless'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

The hour draws near—But what are hours to me?
Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish'd flee!
Time, and his glass unheeded pass away,
Absorb'd, and lost in one vast flood of day!
On Freedom's wings my soul is borne on high,
And soars exulting to its native sky!

EPISTLE VII.

ARISBE

TO THE YOUNGER

MARIUS.

BY

LORD HERVEY.

Of all I valued, all I lov'd, bereft,
Say, has my heart this little comfort left?
That you the mem'ry of its truth retain,
And think with grateful pity on my pain?
Though but with life my sorrows can have end,
(For death alone can join me to my Friend)
Yet think not I repent I set you free,
I mourn your absence, not your liberty.

Before my Marius left Numidia's coast,
Each day I saw him; scarce an hour was lost:
Now months and years must pass, nay life shall prove
But one long absence from the man I love.

Painful reflection! poison to my mind!
Was it but mortal too, it would be kind:
But, mad with grief, I search the palace round,
And in that madness dream you're to be found.
Would'st thou believe it? to those walls I fly
Where thou wert captive held; there frantic cry,
These fetters sure my vagrant's flight restrain'd;
Alas! these fetters I myself unchain'd.
The live-long day I mourn, I loath the light,
And wait impatient each returning night:
What though the horrid gloom augment my grief,
'Tis grateful still, for I disclaim relief.
That coz'ner Hope intrudes not on my woe;
One only interval my sorrows know;
When dreams, the kind reversers of my pain,
Bring back my charming fugitive again.

Yet there's a grief surpassing all the rest;
A jealous daemon whispers in my breast,
Marius was false, for liberty alone
The show of love the hypocrite put on.
Then I reflect (ah! would I could forget!)
How much your thoughts on war and Rome were set,
How little passion did that conduct prove!
Too strong thy reason, but too weak thy love.
Thy sword, 'tis true, a father's cause demands;
But 'twas a mistress gave it to thy hands:
To love and duty just, give each their part,
His be the arm, and mine be all thy heart.

But what avail these thoughts? fond wretch, give o'er!
Marius, or false or true, is thine no more:
Since Fate has cast the lot, and we must part,
Why should I wish to think I had his heart?——
Yes: let me cherish that remembrance still;
That thought alone shall soften every ill;
To tell my soul, his love, his truth was such,
All was his due, nor have I done too much.
Deceitful comfort! let me not persuade
My credulous heart its fondness was repaid;
It makes my soul with double anguish mourn
Those joys, which never, never must return.

Perhap's ev'n you what most I wish oppose,
And in the Roman all the lover lose:
I'm a Numidian, and your soul disdains
To bear th' inglorious weight of foreign chains.
Can any climate then so barb'rous prove,
To stand excluded from the laws of Love?
His empire's universal, unconfin'd,
His proxy beauty, and his slaves mankind.
Nor am I a Numidian but by name,
For I can int'rest for my love disclaim:
My virtue shews what 'twas the gods design'd,——
By chance on Afric's clay they stamp'd a Roman mind.
Not all the heroes which your Rome can boast,
So much for fame, as I for you have lost:

Yourself I lost: oh! grateful, then confess,
My trial greater, though my glory less.
Yes, partial gods! inflicters of my care!
Be witness what I felt, what grief, what fear!
When full of stifled woes the night he fled,
No sigh I dar'd to breathe, no tear to shed.
Whilst men of faith approv'd, a chosen crew,
Firm to their trust, and to their mistress true,
With care too punctual my commands obey,
And in one freight my life and thee convey.
The harder task was mine; condemn'd to bear,
With brow serene, my agonizing care;
To mix an idle talk, to force a smile,
A king and jealous lover to beguile.
Think in that dreadful interval of fate,
All I held dear, thy safety in debate,
Think what I suffer'd, whilst my heart afraid
Suggests a thousand times, that all's betray'd.
A thousand times revolving in my mind
The doubtful chance; oh! Love! said I, be kind:
Propitious to my scheme, thy vot'ry aid,
And be my fondness by success repaid.
Now bolder grown, with sanguine hopes elate,
My fancy represents thy smiling fate;
The guards deceiv'd, and every danger o'er,
The winds already waft him from the shore.
These pleasing images anew impart
Life to my eyes, and gladness to my heart;
Dispel the gloomy fears that cloud my face,
And charm the little flutterer to peace.

But now the king, or tasteless to my charms,
Or weary of an absent mistress' arms,
His own apartment seeks, and grateful rest;
That courted stranger to the careful breast.
Whilst I, by hopes and fears alternate sway'd,
Impatient ask the slaves if I'm obey'd.
'Tis done, they cry'd, and struck me with despair;
For what I long'd to know, I dy'd to hear.
Fantastic turn of a distracted mind;
I blam'd the gods for having been too kind;
Curs'd the success they granted to my vows,
And this assistant hand that fill'd my woes.
Such was my frenzy in that hour of care,
And such th' injustice of my bold despair;
That even those, ungrateful, I upbraid,
Whose fatal diligence my will obey'd.
Scarce, Marius, did thyself escape my rage;
(Most lov'd of men!) when fears of black presage
Describe thy hand so fond of liberty,
It never gave one parting throb for me.
At every step you should have turn'd your eye,
Dropt a regretful tear, and heav'd a sigh;
The nature of the grace I shew'd was such,
You not deserv'd it, if it pleas'd too much.
A lover would have linger'd as he fled,
And oft in anguish to himself have said,
Farewell for ever! Ah! yet more had done,
A lover never would have fled alone.
To force me from a hated rival's bed,
Why comes not Marius at an army's head?

Oh! did thy heart but wish to see that day,
'Twould all my past, and future woes o'erpay.

But vain are all these hopes: preserve thy breast
From falsehood only, I forgive the rest:
Too happy, if no envy'd rival boast
Those joys Arisbe to her Marius lost.

EPISTLE VIII.

FLORA TO POMPEY.

By the Same.

ERE death these closing eyes for ever shade
(That death thy cruelties have welcome made),
Receive, thou yet lov'd Man! this one adieu,
This last farewell to happiness and you.
My eyes o'erflow with tears, my trembling hand
Can scarce the letters form, or pen command;
The dancing paper swims before my sight,
And scarce myself can read the words I write.

Think you behold me in this lost estate,
And think yourself the author of my fate:
How vast the change! your Flora's now become
The gen'ral pity, not the boast of Rome.
This form, a pattern to the sculptor's art,
This face, the idol once of Pompey's heart,
(Whose pictur'd beauties Rome thought fit to place
The sacred temples of her gods to grace)

Are charming now no more; the bloom is fled,
The lilies languid, and the roses dead.
Soon shall some hand the glorious work deface,
Where Grecian pencils tell what Flora was:
No longer my resemblance they impart,
They lost their likeness, when I lost thy heart.

O! that those hours could take their turn again,
When Pompey, lab'ring with a jealous pain,
His Flora thus bespoke: "Say, my dear love!
Shall all these rivals unsuccessful prove?
In vain, for ever, shall the Roman youth
Envy my happiness, and tempt thy truth?
Shall neither tears nor prayers thy pity move?
Ah! give not pity, 'tis a-kin to love.
Would Flora were not fair in such excess,
That I might fear, though not adore her less."

Fool that I was, I sought to ease that grief,
Nor knew indiff'rence follow'd the relief:
Experience taught the cruel truth too late,
I never dreaded, 'till I found my fate.
'Twas mine to ask if Pompey's self could hear,
Unmov'd, his rival's unsuccessful pray'r;
To make thee swear he'd not thy pity move:
Alas! such pity is no kin to love.

'Twas thou thyself, (ungrateful as thou art)
Bade me unbend the rigor of my heart:

You chid my faith, reproach'd my being true,
(Unnat'ral thought!) and labor'd to subdue
The constancy my soul maintain'd for you;
To other arms your mistress you condemn'd,
Too cool a lover, and too warm a friend.

How could'st thou thus my lavish heart abuse,
To ask the only thing it could refuse?
Nor yet upbraid me, Pompey, what I say,
For 'tis my merit that I can't obey;
Yet this alleg'd against me as a fault,
Thy rage fomented, and my ruin wrought.
Just Gods! what tie, what conduct can prevail
O'er fickle man, when truth like mine can fail?

Urge not, to gloss thy crime, the name of friend,
We know how far those sacred laws extend;
Since other heroes have not blush'd to prove
How weak all passions when oppos'd to love:
Nor boast the virtuous conflict of thy heart,
When gen'rous pity took Geminius' part;
'Tis all heroic fraud, and Roman art.
Such flights of honor might amuse the crowd,
But by a mistress ne'er can be allow'd;
Keep for the senate, and the grave debate,
That infamous hypocrisy of state,
There words are virtue, and your trade deceit.

No riddle is thy change, nor hard t' explain,
Flora was fond, and Pompey was a man:

No longer then a specious tale pretend,
Nor plead fictitious merit to your friend:
By nature false, you follow'd her decree,
Nor gen'rous are to him, but false to me.

You say you melted at Geminius' tears,
You say you felt his agonizing cares:
Gross artifice! that this from him could move,
And not from Flora, whom you say you love:
You could not bear to hear your rival sigh,
Yet bear unmov'd to see your mistress die.
Inhuman hypocrite! not thus can he
My wrongs, and my distress, obdurate, see.

He, who receiv'd, condemns the gift you made,
And joins with me the giver to upbraid,
Forgetting he's oblig'd, and mourning I'm betray'd.
He loves too well that cruel gift to use,
Which Pompey lov'd too little to refuse:
Fain would he call my vagrant lord again,
But I the kind ambassador restrain;
I scorn to let another take my part,
And to myself will owe or lose thy heart.

Can nothing e'er rekindle love in thee?
Can nothing e'er extinguish it in me?
That I could tear thee from this injur'd breast?
And where you gave my person, give the rest,
At once to grant and punish thy request.

That I could place thy worthy rival there!
No second insult need my fondness fear:
He views not Flora with her Pompey's eyes,
He loves like me, he doats, despairs, and dies.

Come to my arms, thou dear deserving youth!
Thou prodigy of man! thou man with truth!
For him, I will redouble every care,
To please, for him, these faded charms repair;
To crown his vows, and sharpen thy despair.—

Oh! 'tis illusion all! and idle rage!
No second passion can this heart engage;
And shortly, Pompey, shall thy Flora prove,
Death may dissolve, but nothing change her love.

EPISTLE IX.

ROXANA TO USBECK.

By the Same.

THINK not I write my innocence to prove,
To sue for pity, or awake thy love;
No mean defence expect, or abject prayers;
Thou know'st no mercy, and I know no tears:
I laugh at all thy vengeance has decreed,
Avow the fact, and glory in the deed.

Yes, Tyrant! I deceiv'd thy spies and thee:
Pleas'd in oppression, and in bondage free:
The rigid agents of thy cruel laws
By gold I won to aid my juster cause:
With dextrous skill eluded all thy care,
And acted more than jealousy could fear:
To wanton bow'rs this prison-house I turn'd,
And bless'd that absence which you thought I mourn'd.
But short those joys allow'd by niggard Fate,
Yet so refin'd, so exquisitely great,
That their excess compensated their date.

I die: already in each burning vein
I feel the pois'nous draught, and bless the pain:
For what is life unless its joys we prove?
And where is joy, depriv'd of what we love.

Yet, ere I die, this justice I have paid
To my dear murder'd lover's injur'd shade:
Those sacrilegious instruments of power,
Who wrought that ruin these sad eyes deplore,
Already with their blood their crimes atone,
And for his life have sacrific'd their own.

Thee, though restraint and absence may defend
From my revenge, my curses still attend:
Despair like mine, Barbarian! be thy part,
Remorse afflict, and sorrow sting thy heart.

Nor think this hate commencing in my breast,
Though prudence long its latent force suppress'd;
I knew those wrongs that I was forc'd to bear,
And curs'd those chains injustice made me wear.

For could'st thou hope Roxana to deceive
With idle tales, which only fools believe?
Poor abject souls in superstition bred,
In ign'rance train'd, by prejudice misled;
Whom hireling dervises by proxy teach
From those whose false prerogative they preach.
Didst thou imagine me so weak of mind,
Because I murmur'd not, I ne'er repin'd,

But hugg'd my chain, and thought my jailor kind?
That willingly those laws I e'er obey'd,
Which Pride invented, and Oppression made?
And whilst self-licens'd through the world you rove,
To quicken appetite by change in love;
Each passion sated, and each wish possess'd
Which Lust can urge, or Fancy can suggest:
That I should mourn thy loss with fond regret,
Weap the misfortune, and the wrong forget?

Could I believe that Heav'n this beauty gave,
(Thy transient pleasure, and thy lasting slave;)
Indu'd with reason, only to fulfil
The harsh commands of thy capricious will?
No, Usbeck, no, my soul disdain'd those laws;
And, though I wanted pow'r t' assert my cause,
My right I knew; and still those pleasures sought,
Which Justice warranted, and Nature taught:
On Custom's senseless precepts I refin'd,
I weigh'd what Heav'n, I knew what man design'd,
And form'd by her own rules my free-born mind.

Thus whilst this wretched body own'd thy pow'r,
Doom'd, unredress'd, its hardships to deplore;
My soul subservient to herself alone,
And Reason independent on her throne,
Contemn'd thy dictates, and obey'd their own.
Yet thus far to my conduct thanks are due,
At least I condescended to seem true;

Endeavor'd still my sentiments to hide,
Indulg'd thy vanity, and sooth'd thy pride.
Though this submission to a tyrant paid,
Whom not my duty, but my fears obey'd,
If rightly weigh'd, would more deserve the blame,
Who call it Virtue, but prophane her name;
For to the world, I should have own'd that love,
Which all impartial judges must approve:
You urg'd a right to tyrannize my heart,
Which he, soliciting, assail'd by art,
Whilst I, impatient of the name of slave,
To force refus'd, what I to merit gave.

Oft, as thy slaves this wrethed body led
To the detested pleasures of thy bed;
In those soft moments, consecrate to joy,
Which ecstasy and transport should employ;
Clasp'd in your arms, you wonder'd still to find
So cold my kisses, so compos'd my mind:
But had thy cheated eyes discern'd aright,
You'd found aversion, where you sought delight.

Not that my soul, incapable of love,
No charms could warm, no tenderness could move;
For him, whose love my every thought possess'd,
A fiercer passion fill'd this constant breast,
Than truth e'er felt, or falshood e'er possess'd.

This style unusual to thy pride appears,
For truth's a stranger to the tyrant's ears.

But what have I to manage, or to dread?
Nor threats alarm, nor insults hurt the dead:
No wrongs they feel, no miseries they find;
Cares are the legacies we leave behind:
In the calm grave no Usbecks we deplore,
No tyrant husband, no oppressive pow'r.
Alas! I faint—Death intercepts the rest:
The venom'd drug is busy in my breast:
Each nerve's unstrung: a mist obscures the day:
My senses, strength, and ev'n my hate decay;
Though rage awhile the ebbing spirits stay'd,
'Tis past—they sink beneath the transient aid.
Take then, inhuman Wretch! my last farewell;
Pain be thy portion here! hereafter, hell!
And when our Prophet shall my fate decree,
Be any curse my punishment, but Thee!

EPISTLE X.

MONIMIA TO PHILOCLES.

By the Same.

SINCE language never can describe my pain,
How can I hope to move when I complain?
But such is woman's frenzy in distress,
We love to plead, though hopeless of redress.

Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
From whence these lines? whose message to convey?
Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
But if you force me to avow my shame,
Behold it prefac'd with Monimia's name.

Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to infamy, reproach and scorn,
To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too;
How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,

By Friends, by Kindred, by my Lover, left!
Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
On lovers' oaths, or friendship's sacred rules,
How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
Monimia's fall'n, and Philocles unkind!
To these reflections, each slow wearing day,
And each revolving night a constant prey,
Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
What madness dictates in my fond despair;
Grudge not this short relief, (too fast it flies)
Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
One moment sure may be at least her due,
Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
Without a frown this farewell then receive,
For 'tis the last my hapless love shall give;
Nor this I would, if reason could command:
But what restriction reins a lover's hand?
Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor int'rest sways,
The hand implicitly the heart obeys:
Too well this maxim has my conduct shewn,
Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oft have I writ, and often to the flame
Condemn'd this after-witness of my shame;
Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
Thy beauties, and my fondness half forgot.
(How short those intervals for reason's aid!)
Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

Thy vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give o'er,
Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain.
If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
Nor tigers nurs'd thee in the desart shade,
Let me at least thy cold compassion prove,
That slender sustenance of greedy love;
Though no return my warmer wishes find,
Be to the wretch, though not the mistress, kind;
Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
Without restraint habituate to range
The paths of pleasure, can I bear this change?
Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
In lieu of roofs with regal splendor gay,
Condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day;
Where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
Or human brutes (the worst of brutes) resort.
Yes, yes, the change I could unsighing see,
For none I mourn, but what I find in thee,
There centre all my woes, thy heart estrang'd,
I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd;
Bless'd with thy presence, I could all forget,
Nor gilded palaces in huts regret,
But exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
Each place the same, my hell is in my breast;
To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
My only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat?
Canst thou know peace? is conscience mute within?
That upright delegate for secret sin:
Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
That not one spark remains to take my part?
Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh?
Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
Thou nor remorse, nor thought humane canst feel:
Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debas'd thy mind,
Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
When Justice sleeps, and Int'rest holds the scale;
Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
Most to each other, all to us untrue,
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Nor leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice,
Who indigent of honor, or of shame,
Glory in crimes which others blush to name;
By right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,
Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
If not their falshood, still their boasts expose;
Nor knows the wisest to elude the harm,
Ev'n she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm,
They know to slander, though they fail to warm:
They make her languish in fictitious flame,
Affix some specious slander on her name,
And, baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
These vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
Whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
Or Friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain;
Morality as weakness they upbraid,
Nor ev'n revere Religion's hallow'd head;
Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
And treat the honest like the christian cause.
Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
That takes advantage of the chearful hour,
When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's power,
And would the goodness of the soul efface,
To substitute dishonor in her place.

With such you lose the day in false delights,
In lewd debauch you revel out the nights,
(O fatal commerce to Monimia's peace!)
Their arguments convince because they please;
While sophistry for reason they admit,
And wander dazzled by the glare of wit,
Wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
And in false colors every object shows,
That gilds the wrong, depreciating the right,
And hurts the judgment, while it feasts the sight;
So in a prism to the deluded eye
Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye,
With borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
And truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows,

Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
The lawns impending o'er the nether sky;
No just, no real images we meet,
But all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind;
But oh! how dear their memory I pay!
What pleasures past can present cares allay?
Of all I love for ever dispossess'd:
Ah! what avails to think I once was bless'd?
Hard disposition of unequal fate!
Mix'd are our joys, and transient are their date;
Nor can reflection bring them back again,
Yet brings an after-sting to every pain.

Thy fatal, letters, oh immoral Youth,
Those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
Dear as they were no second joy afford,
My credulous heart once leap'd at every word,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
And floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes:
When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
Each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain)
Far other passions rule, and diff'rent care,
My joys and grief, my transport and despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love!
But half its joys the faithless ever prove,

They only taste the pleasures they receive,
When sure the noblest is in those we give.
Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know;
But 'tis the bliss of Angels to bestow.
Oh! emulate, my Love, that task divine,
Be thou that Angel, and that heav'n be mine.
Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate:
Alas! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
As soon the dead shall from the grave return,
As love extinguish'd with new ardor burn.
Oh! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
Where riveted for life secure you reign,
A cruel inmate, author of my pain:
But coward-like irresolute I wait
Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate;
Perhaps may linger out life's latest stage,
Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age:
No—grief shall swell my sails, and speed me o'er
(Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore
Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.
Might I but once again behold thy charms,
Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
Permitted, where I might not live, to die;
My soften'd fate I would accuse no more:
But fate has no such happiness in store!
'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind?

Why then this care?—'tis weak—'tis vain—farewell—
At that last word what agonies I feel!
I faint—I die—remember I was true—
'Tis all I ask—eternally—adieu!—

EPISTLE XI.

FROM

MISS ———

TO THE

EARL OF ———.

And dar'st thou then, insulting Lord! demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?—
No more thy tears my tender page shall stain,
Ambiguous tears, dissembling joy or pain;
No more thine eyes with sweet surprize pursue
Love's sacred mysteries, there unveil'd to you.—
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!
Hear it, in public characters, relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate:
Yes, public let it stand! to warn the maid
From one who fell less vanquish'd than betray'd;
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate others' treasons, not her own;
Destin'd with shame in Honor's paths to run;
Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone.

Such free complaint to injur'd Love belongs :—
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs!
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
I come to blaze thee to a nation's view ;
I come—ah, wretch, thy swelling rage control!
Was he not once the idol of thy soul ?
True, by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare the guilty—for 'tis Love that pleads :
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame ;
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!
Enough to Honor and Revenge is given,
This truth reserve for Conscience, and for Heaven!

Talk'st thou, ingrate! of Friendship's holy powers ?
The tiger's union with the lamb be ours!
This cold, this frozen bosom, didst thou dream,
Senseless to love, shall soften to esteem ?
What means thy friendship ? shall I bless my fate,
Losing thy love, to just escape thy hate ?—
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again :
My heart applauding echoes to the strain.
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!
My hate pursue thee, unimpar'd by age,
Nor memory waken, but to kindle rage.
Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep ;
Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions sleep!
Where harbour Honor, Conscience, Faith and Truth;
Where the bright forms whose semblance caught my youth ?

How could I doubt thy noble breast their shrine,
That felt them glowing, tender maid! in mine.
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd!
Boast not, deceiver, of this soul deceiv'd!
Easy the traitor wins an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art;
Not by superior wiles successful proves,
But fond credulity in her who loves.

Blush, shameless grandeur, blush! shall BRITAIN'S PEER,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?
What charms were mine, to tempt thy guilty fires?
What wealth, what honors from illustrious sires?
Can virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village maid's disgrace?
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek;
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
My spirits flutter on the verge of life;
When to my heart my ebbing pulse is driven,
My eyes throw faint accusing beams to heaven;
Yet griefs that freeze my accents, save my fame:—
Come, blast it, traitor!—no; the tale of shame,
The guilty tale, unwilling lips confine—
My portion, misery; but no triumph thine!

Would thou hadst left me where I met thine eye,
A simple flower, to bloom in shades and die!

On downy wings where rose the sprightly morn,
Where evening found not in my breast a thorn:
Pure joys were mine; Content at least, that flows
With temperate current through this vale of woes.
Cruel, to poison moments sweet as these!
On me to practise fatal arts to please!
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud Wealth and Greatness to thy arms.
How many a lighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize, had fann'd thy fickle flame;
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind,
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd;
Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
Nor felt the wound that festers to the grave!
Ah! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting shar'd contagious fires,
Half yielding heard thine impious suit maintain'd,
This trembling heart had suffer'd, not complain'd!
But ah! with tears and crowded sighs to sue,
To dress dissembled passions like the true;
To borrow still Confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes;
To steal their language which no words impart,
And give me back the image of my heart;
This, this was treachery:—by such arts assail'd,
I fell—Great God! what virtue had not fail'd!

Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of Pity's voice, and Beauty's sighs,

That pious frauds, the wisest, best, approve,
And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love.
No; Heaven and Virtue scorn the mean pretence!
No; 'tis the villain's, 'tis the slave's defence!
No; 'tis the base sensation cowards feel!
The wretch who trembles at the brave man's steel
In woman's rage no daring mischief fears,
And mocks the feeble arms of sighs and tears.
In vain a sex, by nature taught to rest
Its trembling weakness on your firmer breast,
Pleads pity:—coward man, to woman brave,
Insults the virtue he was born to save.

What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign,
Bind man to man in Honor's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify th' accord,
Not heaven attested, nor heaven's awful Lord?—
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent power we came,
Who, blessing to be blest, design'd his race
With manly vigor tempering female grace.
Sequester'd from our sex, vain man, relate
Your solitary pleasure's sullen state!
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store?
What slumbers sooth Ambition bath'd in gore?
'Tis ours, th' unsocial passions to control,
To pour the balm that heals the wounded soul;
To lure your fancy with diviner themes
Than Wealth, than Power's delusive restless dreams.
Yet frantic man, dissolving bonds so dear,

Secure from Love, his empire founds on Fear:
Nor dream'st thou, traitor, what confirms thy laws,
Not manly triumph—Blush to hear the cause!
'Tis female softness—Tyrants else might feel
The desperate vengeance of a woman's steel.

Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in thickets from the blaze of day:
While man, not confident in manly arms,
Now offering truce, now sounding false alarms,
With customs, laws, with terror, fraud, combin'd,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace the mind,
Then lordly, savage, rends the trembling heart,
First gain'd by treachery, and then tam'd by art.

Are these reflections then that Love inspires?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
The mournful privilege to curse mankind?
Ah, long I strove to burst th' enchanting tye,
And form'd resolves that ev'n in forming die:
Too long I linger'd on the fatal coast,
And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost:
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain;
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain:
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true.
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,

I fondly hop'd, and, hoping, I believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom, ah whither can I flee,
Friends, Fortune, Fame, deserted all for thee?
On whom but Thee this aching frame repose?
With whom but Thee deposit all its woes?
To whom, but Thee, explain its stifled groan,
And live for whom but Thee and Love alone?
What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal, but his that gave the wound?

O dreadful chaos! when the ruin'd mind,
Lost to itself, to virtue, human-kind,
From earth to heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world allied,
Feels all a blank within:—each pregnant thought
That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,
Past, present, future, feels alike destroy'd,
While love alone usurps the mighty void!
A void how gloomy, when that Love is flown!
What shades we grasp, the noble substance gone!
From one ador'd, adoring once, we dream
Of Friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold Esteem.
Rejected, still the suppliant suit advance—
Plead for a last farewell—a moment's glance—
A letter—token—wreck'd in search of shore,
We catch the plank of Hope, and rise no more.

In that dread moment when the hovering flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came;

Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dry'd my eyes, with yours again to stream:
When practis'd tears your venial fault confest,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity by my own,
Sighs I return'd, and answer'd groan for groan;
Your self-reproaches, stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs;
Pardoning indeed, but not forgetting wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self-deserting to his side:
Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its heaven once lost, disdains an humbler care:
Perhaps too tender, or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface;
That cold, insensible thy soul appears
To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears:—
But oh, a heart whose tenderness you knew,
That held, frail tenure! life itself from you;
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear,
Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this—O traitor, that betray'st no more,

What means thy pity? what can vows restore?
Can vows recall th' autumnal year to bloom?
Or quicken ashes slumbering in the tomb?
Can vows to smiles relax the brow of Care,
Or heal thy scars of anguish, fierce Despair?
Bid Virtue's sullied flames again refine?
Or Honor visit a deserted shrine?
Ah no:—nor prayers, nor all th' immortal powers,
Back to their once-trod circles win the hours!
Cruel! no more thy flattering form betrays,
The feeble vision melts in Reason's rays.—
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell—
Daggers, like those you planted, never feel!
Fated, like me, to curse, yet court your fate;
To blend, in dreadful union, Love and Hate;
Chiding the present moment's ling'ring haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, yet retain the love!

Yes, Love! ev'n now, in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.
Yon orient sun, once lovely to my sight,
Bathing in vernal dews his youthful light,
Congenial to my griefs, now sullen glows:
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose;
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And valleys laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, Love! whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own!

Ah, noblest passion life and youth impart,
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my heart,
A new creation brighten'd on my view;
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew:
New strung, th' harmonious nerves, the thrilling veins,
Beat, in sweet unison, to others pains.
The blood, to partial currents once confin'd,
Now swell'd an ocean, and embrac'd mankind.
The soul, once centering in itself the blaze,
Now wide diffus'd Benevolence's rays;
Kindling on earth, pursu'd th' aethrial road,
In hallow'd flames ascending to its God.

Ah, Love!—in vain a blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys;
Converts to poison what for food was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native heaven;
Victorious still thou triumph'st! still confest
The purest transport that can warm the breast—
Yes, traitor, yes:—my heart, to Nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

EPISTLE XII.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY

W. PATTISON.

In my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too soon my soul the well-known name confest;
My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast:
Thro' my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.
O Eloisa! art thou still the same?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heaven
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven?
Alas! I thought thee disengag'd and free;
And can'st thou still, still sigh and weep for me?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
Can save me from a love and faith like thine?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave;
When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls;

When my dread vows in vain their force oppose,
Oppos'd to love—alas! how vain are vows!
In fruitless penitence I wear away
Each tedious night; each sad revolving day
I fast, I pray; and, with deceitful art,
Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart:
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent—yet still I love.
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, O Eloise art there.
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
Nor longer by its wandering fires misled,
In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I infuse,
And give that counsel I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
Have quench'd each milder sparkle of my eyes;
Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace.
O Eloisa! should the fates once more,
Indulgent to my view, thy charms restore!
How wouldst thou from my arms with horror start,
To miss the form familiar to thy heart!
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak thy Abelard—but love of thee.
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair,
Have Abelard the young, the gay, remov'd,
And in the hermit sunk the man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;

Lost to the world, from all its interests free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee.
Ambition, with its train of frailties gone,
All love, all forms forgot, but thine alone.
Amid the blaze of day, the dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight:
Veil'd, as in Paraclete's secluded towers,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours;
I hear her sighs, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
O vows! O convents! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart:
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show;
Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow:
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
Forgiving Power! thy gracious call I meet,
Who first impower'd this rebel heart to beat;
Who thro' this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame:
O change the temper of this laboring breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest!
Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
The fatal traces of destructive love;
Destructive love from its warm mansion tear,
And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.
Are these the wishes of my inmost soul?
Would I its softest, tenderest sense control?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine
To the cold substance of that marble shrine?

Transform'd like these pale swarms that round me move
Of blest insensibles—who know not love?
Ah! rather let me keep this hapless flame;
Adieu, false honor! unavailing fame!
Not your harsh rules, but tender love supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes:
I feel the traitor melt around my heart,
And thro' my veins with treacherous influence dart.
Inspire me, Heaven! assist me Grace divine!
Aid me, ye Saints! unknown to crimes like mine:
You who on earth serene all griefs could prove,
All but the torturing pangs of hopeless love:
A holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt.
A sympathizing grief alone can cure;
The hand that heals must feel what I endure:
Thou Eloise alone canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside to peace;
Restore me to my long-lost heaven of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast.
If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
That blest allay thy wonderous charms must give:
Thy form, that first to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, and soft as summer's air;
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind disclose,
While on thy lips gay blush'd the fragrant rose:
Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,

Press'd by my fate, I gaz'd—and was undone!
There died the generous fire, whose vigorous flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and urg'd me on to fame;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
My heart, insensible to all but love!
Snatch'd from myself my learning tasteless grew,
Vain my philosophy oppos'd to you.
A train of woes succeed, nor should we mourn
The hours which cannot, ought not to return.
As once to love I sway'd thy yielding mind,
Too fond, alas!—too fatally inclin'd!
To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
And fan with zeal divine the holy fire;
Teach thee to injur'd heaven, all-chang'd, to turn,
And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
O that my own example could impart
This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart!
That mine with pious undissembled care,
Might aid the latent virtue struggling there!
Alas I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes like mine.
Too sure I find, while I the tortures prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
On black despair my forc'd devotion built,
Absence, to me, has sharper pangs than guilt.
Ah! yet my Eloise, your charms I view,
Yet breathe my sighs, my tears yet pour for you;
Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain,
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent—in vain.
Haste, Eloisa, haste, your Lover free,

Amidst your warmer prayers, O think of me!
Wing with your rising zeal my groveling mind,
And let me mine from your repentance find:
Ah! labor, strive, your love, yourself control,
The change will sure affect my kindred soul;
In blest consent our purer sighs shall grieve,
And heaven assisting shall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, lost, in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain;
If not to Heaven you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes;
If still your heart its wonted passions move,
If still, to speak all pains in one—you love,
Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
When that kind Power this captive soul shall free,
(Which only then can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep;
Then, Eloisa, then your Lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer fix'd on you;
From their dead orbs that tender utterance flown,
Which first to your's my heart's soft tale made known;
This breast no more (at length to ease consign'd)
Pant like the waving aspin in the wind;
See all my wild, tumultuous passions o'er,
And you, amazing change! belov'd no more;
Behold the destin'd end of human love——
But let the sight your zeal alone improve:
Let not your conscious soul, to sorrow mov'd,

Recal how much, how tenderly I lov'd;
With pious care your fruitless grief restrain,
Nor let a tear your sacred veil profane;
Nor even a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
But let your breast with new-born raptures glow;
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
And to your mind immortal joys make known;
Let Heaven relenting strike your ravish'd view,
And still the bright, the blest pursuit renew;
So with your crimes shall your misfortunes cease,
And your rack'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

EPISTLE XIII.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY

JAMES CAWTHORNE, M. A.

AH, why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow?
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confest,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bid heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.

Enjoy thy triumphs, dear Illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;

See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming sorceress control,
And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.

Long has that soul in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where horror broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade,
Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove!
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me.
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;

Priests, censers, altars from thy Genius fled,
And heaven itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm, as when first with more than mortal shine
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast?
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dead shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms:
No, fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the last ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God;
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these my wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?

Teach thy enamor'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah, rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild tumults of unholy love!
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouze all my passions, act my joys anew,
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu:
Sleep conscience, sleep! each awful thought be drown'd,
And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
What means this pause, this agonizing start?
This glimpse of heaven quick-rushing thro' my heart?
Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd,
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade;
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky:
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours! when guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throb'd in every vein,
When warm'd with all th' Aegyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes! ah no, from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly, since all that learning gave

Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save,
To Love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by Heaven to move
Each saint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone;
No more pale Science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirits flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade Philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.

But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, chearless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Mis-shapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal shower
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flower;
Th' imbrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and hell's worst fiend, Despair,

Conspire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.

Delusive, sightless God of warm desire!
Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where every moment steals the wing of joy:
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves and victims all thy own:
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And king's command whole hecatombs to blaze.

O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, labor'd, strove to save
An heart that panted to be still a slave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt thro' all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;

Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless prayers, the whole artillery given
To win the mercies of offended Heaven,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh;
Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheek display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade.
Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms, that wrap the midnight sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
Where-e'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And Heaven much-injur'd has but half my prayer:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs control,
For every object brings her to my soul.

Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew:
When, with keen speechless ecstasies opprest,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes arm'd with every grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful stalk'd along the shade,
Pierc'd by his sword, I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black Infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Detested Wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!

Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill,
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
Sublimer Furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.

Aid me, fair Faith! assist me, Grace divine!
Ye Martyrs! bless me, and ye Saints! refine,
Ye sacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
While awful reason whispers in the friend;
Friend, did I say? immortals! what a name?
Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame?

No; let thy Lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd song
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouze, while heaven his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By Angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish, that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heavens! if, to this tender bosom woo'd
Thy meer idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, wildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an Abbess in thy heart;
See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,

Yon pious Maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend;
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The Seraph's meekness, and the Seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heaven, and lead thyself the way,
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' Eternal Spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove;
The long-lost gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some Angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain fruitless wish! still, still, the vigorous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, thro' my shatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that Truth and Virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;

Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiven;
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heaven.

Yet, yet, my Fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.

Then when these black, terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale Death shall set my kindred spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours, in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeless reliques in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' etherial plain,
To each bright Cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with heaven eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

EPISTLE XIV.

THE

AFRICAN PRINCE,

NOW IN ENGLAND,

TO

ZARA

AT HIS FATHER's COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

BY WILLIAM DODD, L. L. D.

PRINCES, my Fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
Whene'er the Public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domestic bliss, and break the private tie,
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care;
Yet conscious Virtue, in the silent hour,
Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with Thee.
But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
Still unreprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
Though virtue's awful form my soul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.

A private lot had made the claim but one,
The Prince alone must love for virtue shun.
Ah! why, distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?
Why was I singled for imperial sway,
Since love and duty point a different way?

Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
Too well my mem'ry can these scenes renew,
We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
That conscious palm, beneath whose towering shade
So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
And plann'd of future years the best employ;
That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I prest,
And held thee panting to my panting breast.
Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
Together sinking in the trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine!
O! blest oblivion of tormenting care!
O! why recall'd to life and to despair?
The dreadful summons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder summons but to die?
To die together were to part no more,
To land in safety on some peaceful shore,

Where love's the business of immortal life,
And happy spirits only guess at strife.
"If in some distant land my prince should find
Some nymph more fair, you cry'd, as Zara kind"——
Mysterious doubt! which could at once impart
Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart;
Still let me triumph in the fear exprest,
The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;
Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove
'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;
My Father there his struggling sighs supprest,
And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast,
Then sought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
To give the fortitude he could not find;
Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
"Thy country's good, said he, be still pursu'd!
If, when the gracious gods my Son restore,
These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
Shall mouldering mix with earth's parental clay;
Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;
From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
And reign at once a father and a king."

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state!

Subject alike, the peasant and the king,
To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,
No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.
By these, my Fair, subdu'd, thy Prince was lost,
A naked captive on a barb'rous coast.

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,
My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,
No painful labors stretch'd the tedious day,
On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
Where-e'er I pass'd, a shouting people crowd;
No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
Each man my friend, my lovely mistress You.
What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
The shouted prince is now a slave unknown:
To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state;
A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.
Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,
Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet:
"Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls
A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!"
Unwholesome scraps, my strength but half sustain'd,
From corners glean'd, and ev'n by dogs disdain'd;
At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
Who by long use with woe familiar grew;

Of manners brutish, merciless, and rude,
They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd:
In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
And rose to labor with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
If Heaven with thee my faithful arms had blest,
And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
Short though they were, my soul had never known
One secret wish to glitter on a throne;
The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A monarch, still beyond a monarch blest,
Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast;
My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise;
Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
Ah! not the prison of a slave in me!
Could I with infamy content remain,
And wish thy lovely form to share my chain?
Could this bring ease, forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault?
Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee?
Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace?
My guilty joys enslave an infant race?
No: rather blast me, lightnings, whirlwind tear,
And drive these limbs in atoms through the air;

Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,
And let my Zara smile a rival's wife:
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curse below.

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn:
To trust in Heaven, of me let Zara learn.
The wretch, the sordid hypocrite, who sold
His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
That justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
And death commission'd, smote him on the deep.
The generous crew their port in safety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,
Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame;
Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy shore
Waft me triumphant, and the Prince restore;
Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
And all the splendor of a court is mine.
Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a bright radiance o'er my brightening mind;
From earth I travel upward to the sky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
Such blissful tidings! they shall soon be thine!
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!

How art and nature vie to entertain
In public shows, and mix delight with pain.
O! Zara, here, a story like my own,
With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
I can't recall the scenes, 'tis pain too great,
And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;
Each word would ask a thousand to explain,
The time shall come, O! speed the lingering hour!
When Zara's charms shall lend description power;
When, plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,
Or through the green savannahs as we rove,
The frequent kiss shall interrupt the tale,
And looks shall speak my sense, though language fail.
Then shall the prodigies that round me rise,
Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprise;
Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
Methinks I see thy changing looks express
Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
As all the windings of my fate I trace,
And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

Yet where, alas! has flattering thoughts convey'd
The ravish'd Lover with his darling Maid?
Between us still unmeasur'd oceans roll,
Which hostile barks infest, and storms control.

Be calm, my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:
He rules resistless, and his power shall guide
My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;
Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,
And spare me to evangelize my race.
Farewell! thy Prince still lives, and still is free:
Farewell! hope all things, and remember Me.

EPISTLE XV.

ZARA,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE.

TO THE

AFRICAN PRINCE,

WHEN IN ENGLAND.

By the Same.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;
My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line;
Would not my Prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?
Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confest.
I give my bosom naked to thy view;
For what has shame with innocence to do?
In fancy now I clasp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new transport from thy speaking eye;—
But whence this sad involuntary sigh?

Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?
Why, from my eyes, distill unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?
O! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?
And has my Prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the sweets of love?
Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fiercest kind!
Fear Heaven's red lightning—'tis a Prince ye bind;
A Prince, whom no indignities could hide,
They knew, presumptuous! and the Gods defy'd.
Where-e'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence rise,
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!

Thy breast alone when bounding o'er the waves
To Freedom's climes, from slav'ry and from slaves;
Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
A thousand times I held them to my breast,
A thousand times my lips the paper prest:
My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
And 'Oh, my Prince!' dy'd faultering on my tongue;
Fainting, I sunk, unequal to the strife,
And milder joys sustain'd returning life.

Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.

" Come, come, my Prince! my charmer! haste
away;
Come, come, I cry'd, thy Zara blames thy stay.
For thee the shrubs their richest sweets retain;
For thee, new colors wait to paint the plain;
For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all!—
He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms;
With jocund songs proclaim my love's return;
With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
He comes, uniting majesty with love."—
Too soon, alas! the blest delusion flies;
Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—
Too vast, too numerous, those already here!
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
Of seas which storms control, and foes infest!
My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows
No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run:

" Where, where's my Prince! what tidings have ye
brought?"
Of each I met, with pleading tears I sought.
In vain I sought; some, conscious of my pain,
With horrid silence pointed to the main.
Some with a sneer the brutal thought exprest,
And plung'd the dagger of a barb'rous jest:
Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,
New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,
My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.
At length—" O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou
art,
Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;
Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,
And hostile barks, and storms are thy domain,
If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
And Goodness sure must be the friend of love,
Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.
O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
And grant thy love to love's availing prayer;
Together then, and emulous to praise,
A flowery altar to thy name we'll raise;
There, first and last, on each returning day,
To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?

How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold thy Zara form'd,
And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,
How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!
How all the shafts of adverse fate defy'd!
O yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
With thee, O! had I turn'd a burning soil!
In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
In love still happy, we had still been free;
Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why should'st thou bid thy Love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
Each night the cool savannahs have I sought;
And breath'd the fondness of enamor'd thought;
The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe the tide:
My breast still haunted by a motley train,
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain,
Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;
Now rouz'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun.
When kindly sleep its lenient balm supply'd,
And gave that comfort waking thought deny'd.

Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?
Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
Which earth receiv'd, and six white coursers drew.
Then—quick transition—did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy side:
All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
A thousand voices sung—"All bliss betide
The Prince of Libya, and his faithful bride!"
"'Tis done, 'tis done," resounded through the skies,
And quick aloft the car began to rise;
Ten thousand beauties crowded on my sight,
Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
Come, sweet Interpreter, and ease my soul;
Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
Alas! my Prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!
Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
"Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;"
O! then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.
Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But, that I know too well thy generous heart,
One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
'Tis this; in Britain's happy courts to shine,
Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—
But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
Art still thyself, incapable of wrong;
No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd;
'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize?
Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds:
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—

Once more, O come! and snatch me to thy arms!
Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms!
Come, let me hang enamor'd on thy breast,
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distrest!
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail!
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire;
My pen denies my last farewell to write,
Still, still "return," my wishful thoughts indite:
O! hear, my Prince, thy Love, thy Mistress call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
O! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole;

And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line shall bring her to thy view.
Return, return, in love and truth excell ;
Return, I write ; I scarce can add—Farewell.

EPISTLE XVI.

THE

DYING NEGRO.

Κειμαι δ' επ' ακταις, αλλοτ' εν ποντου σαλῳ,
Πολλοις διαυλοις κυματων φορουμενος,
Ακλαυστος, αταφος. EURIPIDES.

ARM'D with thy sad last gift—the pow'r to die,
Thy shafts, stern Fortune, now I can defy;
Thy dreadful mercy points at length the shore,
Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more;
—This weapon, ev'n in chains, the brave can wield,
And vanquish'd, quit triumphantly the field:
—Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
Such they can perpetrate, and may forgive.

Yet while I tread that gulph's tremendous brink,
Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
Ere yet this hand a life of torment close,
And end by one determin'd stroke my woes,
Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind
To pause and cast a ling'ring look behind?

—O my lov'd bride!—for I have call'd thee mine,
Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
For thee ev'n here this faithful heart shall glow,
A pang shall rend me, and a tear shall flow.—
How shall I soothe thy grief, since fate denies
Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;
I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
To ask that mercy Heav'n denies to me;
Yet let thy tender breast my sorrows share,
Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep despair.
Yet let thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
Whom Fate forbade thy tenderness to save.
Receive these sighs—to thee my soul I breathe——
Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.

Why did I, slave, beyond my lot aspire?
Why didst thou fan the inauspicious fire?
For thee I bade my drooping soul revive;
For thee alone I could have borne to live;
And love, I said, shall make me large amends,
For persecuting foes, and faithless friends:
Fool that I was! enur'd so long to pain,
To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.
Joy, stranger guest, my easy faith betray'd,
And love now points to death's eternal shade;
There while I rest from mis'ry's galling load,
Be thou the care of ev'ry pitying God!

Nor may that Daemon's unpropitious pow'r,
Who shed his influence on my natal hour,
Pursue thee too with unrelenting hate,
And blend with mine the color of thy fate.
For thee may those soft hours return again,
When pleasure led thee smiling o'er the plain,
Ere, like some hell-born spectre of dismay,
I cross'd thy path, and darken'd all the way.
Ye waving groves, which from this cell I view!
Ye meads now glitt'ring with the morning dew!
Ye flowers, which blush on yonder hated shore,
That at my baneful step shall fade no more,
A long farewell!—I ask no vernal bloom—
No pageant wreaths to wither on my tomb.
—Let serpents hiss and night-shade blacken there,
To mark the friendless victim of despair!

And better in th' untimely grave to rot,
The world and all its cruelties forgot,
Than, dragg'd once more beyond the Western main,
To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain,
Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait
The slow enfranchisement of ling'ring fate.
Oh! my heart sinks, my dying eyes o'erflow,
When mem'ry paints the picture of their woe!
For I have seen them, ere the dawn of day,
Rouz'd by the lash, begin their chearless way;
Greeting with groans unwelcome morn's return,
While rage and shame their gloomy bosoms burn;

And, chiding ev'ry hour the slow-pac'd sun,
Endure their toils 'till all his race was run;
No eye to mark their suff'rings with a tear,
No friend to comfort, and no hope to chear;
Then like the dull unpitied brutes repair
To stalls as wretched, and as coarse a fare;
Thank Heav'n one day of misery was o'er,
And sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.——
Sleep on! ye lost companions of my woes,
For whom in death this tear of pity flows;
Sleep, and enjoy the only boon of Heav'n
To you in common with your tyrants giv'n!
O while soft slumber from their couches flies,
Still may the balmy blessing steep your eyes;
In sweet oblivion lull awhile your woes,
And brightest visions gladden the repose!
Let Fancy then, unconscious of the change,
Thro' our own fields, and native forests range;
Waft ye to each once-haunted stream and grove,
And visit ev'ry long lost scene ye love!
—I sleep no more—nor in the midnight shade,
Invoke ideal phantoms to my aid;
Nor wake again, abandon'd and forlorn,
To find each dear delusion fled at morn;
A slow-consuming death let others wait,
I snatch destruction from unwilling fate:—
Yon ruddy streaks the rising sun proclaim,
That never more shall beam upon my shame;
Bright orb! for others let thy glory shine,
Mature the golden grain and purple vine,

While fetter'd Afric still for Europe toils,
And Nature's plund'rers riot on her spoils;
Be theirs the gifts thy partial rays supply,
Be mine the gloomy privilege to die.

And thou, whose impious avarice and pride
The holy Cross to my sad brows deny'd,
Forbade me Nature's common rights to claim,
Or share with thee a Christian's sacred name;
Thou too farewell!—for not beyond the grave
Extends thy pow'r, nor is my dust thy slave.
In vain Heav'n spreads so wide the swelling sea,
Vast wat'ry barrier, 'twixt thy world and me;
Swift round the globe, by earth nor Heav'n control'd,
Fly stern oppression, and dire lust of gold.
Where-e'er the hell-hounds mark their bloody way,
Still nature groans, and man becomes their prey.
In the wild wastes of Afric's sandy plain,
Where roars the lion thro' his drear domain,
To curb the savage monarch in the chace,
There too Heav'n planted Man's majestic race;
Bade Reason's sons with nobler titles rise,
Lift high their brow sublime, and scan the skies.
What tho' the sun in his meridian blaze
Dart on their naked limbs his scorching rays?
What tho' no rosy tints adorn their face,
No silken tresses shine with flowing grace?
Yet of ethereal temper are their souls,
And in their veins the tide of honor rolls;

And valor kindles there the hero's flame,
Contempt of death, and thirst of martial fame:
And pity melts the sympathising breast,
Ah! fatal virtue!—for the brave distrest.

My tortur'd bosom, sad remembrance spare!
Why dost thou plant thy keenest daggers there?
And shew me what I was, and aggravate despair?
Ye streams of Gambia, and thou sacred shade!
Where in my youth's first dawn I joyful stray'd,
Oft have I rouz'd, amid your caverns dim,
The howling tyger, and the lion grim;
In vain they gloried in their headlong force,
My javelin pierc'd them in their raging course.
But little did my boding mind bewray,
The victor and his hopes were doom'd a prey
To human brutes more fell, more cruel far than they.
Ah! what avails the conqu'ror's bloody meed,
The gen'rous purpose, or the dauntless deed?
This hapless breast expos'd on ev'ry plain,
And liberty preferr'd to life in vain?
Fall'n are my trophies, blasted is my fame,
Myself become a thing without a name,
The sport of haughty lords, and ev'n of slaves the shame.

Curst be the winds, and curst the tides which bore
These European robbers to our shore!

O be that hour involv'd in endless night,
When first their streamers met my wond'ring sight!
I call'd the warriors from the mountain's steep,
To meet these unknown terrors of the deep;
Rouz'd by my voice, their gen'rous bosoms glow,
They rush indignant, and demand the foe,
And poize the darts of death, and twang the bended bow:
When lo! advancing o'er the sea-beat plain,
I mark'd the leader of a warlike train.
Unlike his features to our swarthy race;
And golden hair play'd round his ruddy face.
While with insidious smile and lifted hand,
He thus accosts our unsuspecting band.
" Ye valiant chiefs, whom love of glory leads
To martial combats, and heroic deeds;
No fierce invader your retreat explores,
No hostile banner waves along your shores.
From the dread tempests of the deep we fly,
Then lay, ye chiefs, these pointed terrors by:
And O, your hospitable cares extend,
So may ye never need the aid ye lend!
So may ye still repeat to ev'ry grove
The songs of freedom, and the strains of love!"
Soft as the accents of the traitor flow,
We melt with pity, and unbend the bow;
With lib'ral hand our choicest gifts we bring,
And point the wand'rers to the freshest spring.
Nine days we feasted on the Gambian strand,
And songs of friendship echo'd o'er the land.

When the tenth morn her rising lustre gave,
The chief approach'd me by the sounding wave.
" O, Youth, he said, what gifts can we bestow,
Or how requite the mighty debt we owe ?
For lo! propitious to our vows, the gale
With milder omens fills the swelling sail.
To-morrow's sun shall see our ships explore
These deeps, and quit your hospitable shore.
Yet while we linger, let us still employ
The number'd hours in friendship and in joy ;
Ascend our ships, their treasures are your own,
And taste the produce of a world unknown."

He spoke ; with fatal eagerness we burn,—
And quit the shores, undestin'd to return!
The smiling traitors with insidious care,
The goblet proffer, and the feast prepare,
Till dark oblivion shades our closing eyes,
And all disarm'd each fainting warrior lies.
O wretches! to your future evils blind!
O morn for ever present to my mind!
When bursting from the treach'rous bands of sleep,
Rouz'd by the murmurs of the dashing deep,
I woke to bondage and ignoble pains,
And all the horrors of a life in chains.
Ye Gods of Afric! in that dreadful hour
Where were your thunders and avenging pow'r!
Did not my pray'rs, my groans, my tears invoke
Your slumb'ring justice to direct the stroke ?

No pow'r descended to assist the brave,
No light'nings flash'd, and I became a slave.
From lord to lord my wretched carcase sold,
In Christian traffic, for their sordid gold:
Fate's blackest clouds were gather'd o'er my head;
And, bursting now, they mix me with the dead.

Yet when my Fortune cast my lot with Thine,
And bade beneath one roof our labors join,
Surpriz'd I felt the tumults of my breast
Lull'd by thy beauties to unwonted rest.
Delusive hopes my changing soul enflame,
And gentler transports agitate my frame.
What tho' obscure thy birth, superior grace
Shone in the glowing features of thy face.
Ne'er had my youth such winning softness seen,
Where Afric's sable beauties dance the green,
When some sweet maid receives her lover's vow,
And binds the offer'd chaplet to her brow.
While on thy languid eyes I fondly gaze,
And trembling meet the lustre of their rays,
Thou, gentle virgin, thou didst not despise
The humble homage of a captive's sighs.
By Heav'n abandon'd, and by man betray'd,
Each hope resign'd of comfort or of aid,
Thy gen'rous love could ev'ry sorrow end,
In thee I found a mistress and a friend;
Still as I told the story of my woes,
With heaving sighs thy lovely bosom rose;

The trickling drops of liquid crystal stole
Down thy fair cheek, and mark'd thy pitying soul:
Dear drops! upon my bleeding heart, like balm
They fell, and soon my tortur'd mind grew calm;
Then my lov'd country, parents, friends forgot;
Heav'n I absolv'd, nor murmur'd at my lot;
Thy sacred smiles could ev'ry pang remove,
And liberty became less dear than love.

—And I have lov'd thee with as pure a fire,
As man e'er felt, or woman could inspire:
No pangs like these my pallid tyrants know,
Not such their transports, and not such their woe.
Their softer frames a feeble soul conceal,
A soul unus'd to pity or to feel;
Damp'd by base lucre, and repell'd by fear,
Each nobler passion faintly blazes here.
Not such the mortals burning Afric breeds,
Mother of virtues and heroic deeds!
Descended from yon radiant orb, they claim
Sublimer courage, and a fiercer flame.
Nature has there, unchill'd by art, imprest
Her awful majesty on ev'ry breast.
Where'er she leads, impatient of control,
The dauntless Negro rushes to the goal;
Firm in his love, resistless in his hate,
His arm is conquest, and his frown is fate.

What fond affection in my bosom reigns!
What soft emotions mingle with my pains!

Still as thy form before my mind appears,
My haggard eyes are bath'd in gushing tears;
Thy lov'd idea rushes to my heart,
And stern despair suspends the lifted dart———
O could I burst these fetters which restrain
My struggling limbs, and waft thee o'er the main,
To some far distant shore, where Ocean roars
In horrid tempests round the gloomy shores;
To some wild mountain's solitary shade,
Where never European faith betray'd;
How joyful could I, of thy love secure,
Meet ev'ry danger, ev'ry toil endure!
For thee I'd climb the rock, explore the flood,
And tame the famish'd savage of the wood;
When scorching summer drinks the shrinking streams,
My care should screen thee from its sultry beams;
At noon I'd crown thee with the fairest flowers,
At eve I'd lead thee to the safest bowers;
And when bleak winter howl'd around the cave,
For thee his horrors and his storms I'd brave;
Nor snows nor raging winds should damp my soul,
Nor such a night as shrowds the dusky pole;
O'er the dark waves my bounding skiff I'd guide,
To pierce each mightier monster of the tide;
Thro' frozen forests force my dreadful way,
In their own dens to rouze the beasts of prey;
Nor other blessing ask, if this might prove
How fix'd my passion, and how fond my love.
—Then should vain fortune to my sight display
All that her anger now has snatch'd away;

Treasures more vast than Av'rice e'er design'd
In midnight visions to a Christian's mind;
The Monarch's diadem, the Conqu'ror's meed,
That empty prize for which the valiant bleed;
All that ambition strives to snatch from fate,
All that the Gods e'er lavish'd in their hate;
Not these should win thy lover from thy arms,
Or tempt a moment's absence from thy charms;
Indignant would I fly these guilty climes,
And scorn their glories as I hate their crimes!

But whither does my wand'ring fancy rove?
Hence ye wild wishes of desponding love!
—Ah! where is now that voice which lull'd my woes?
That Angel-face, which sooth'd me to repose?
By Nature tempted, and with passion blind,
Are these the joys Hope whisper'd to my mind?
Is this the end of constancy like thine,
Are these the transports of a love like mine?
My hopes, my joys, are vanish'd into air,
And now of all that once engag'd my care,
These chains alone remain, this weapon and despair!

—So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
All thy fond hopes dire disappointment blast!
Thus end thy golden visions, son of pride!
Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride;

That beauteous prize Heav'n had reserv'd at last,
Sweet recompence for all my sorrows past.
O may thy harden'd bosom never prove
The tender joys of friendship or of love!
Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a prey,
In unrequited passion pine away!
May ev'ry transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast!
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
'Till death in all his terrors wing the dart;
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favor'd rival smile upon thy tomb!

Why does my ling'ring soul her flight delay?
Come, lovely Maid, and gild the dreary way!
Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
And clasp thy bleeding lover in thy arms;
Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
And sooth him sinking to the shades of death!
O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
And bid th' inexorable tyrant smile;
Transported will I languish on thy breast,
And sink enraptur'd to eternal rest:
The hate of men, the wrongs of fate forgive,
Forget my woes, and almost wish to live.
—Ah! rather fly, lest ought of doubt control
The dreadful purpose lab'ring in my soul;
Tears must not bend me, nor thy beauties move,
This hour I triumph over fate and love.

—Again with tenfold rage my bosom burns,
And all the tempest of my soul returns;
Again the furies fire my madding brain,
And death extends his shelt'ring arms in vain;
For unreveng'd I fall, unpity'd die;
And with my blood glut Pride's insatiate eye!

Thou Christian God! to whom so late I bow'd,
To whom my soul its new allegiance vow'd,
When crimes like these thy injur'd pow'r prophane,
O God of Nature! art thou call'd in vain?
Did'st thou for this sustain a mortal wound,
While Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, hung trembling round?
That these vile fetters might my body bind,
And agony like this distract my mind?
On thee I call'd with reverential awe,
Ador'd thy wisdom, and embrac'd thy law;
Yet mark thy destin'd convert as he lies,
His groans of anguish, and his livid eyes,
These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee just and good!
But if too weak thy vaunted power to spare,
Or suff'rings move thee not, O hear despair!
Thy hopes and blessings I alike resign,
But let revenge, let swift revenge be mine!
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides!

And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrors of my fortune, feel them too!
Be theirs the torment of a ling'ring fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate;
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chac'd by all the monsters of the main;
And while they spread their sinking arms to thee,
Then let their fainting souls remember me!

—Thanks, righteous God!—Revenge shall yet be mine;
Yon flashing lightning gave the dreadful sign,
I see the flames of heav'nly anger hurl'd,
I hear your thunders shake a guilty world.
The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight;
Eternal justice wakes, and in their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn;
Lo! Discord, fiercest of th' infernal band,
Fires all her snakes, and waves her flaming brand;
No more proud Commerce courts the western gales,
But marks the lurid skies, and furls her sails;
War mounts his iron car, and at his wheels
In vain soft Pity weeps, and Mercy kneels;
He breathes a savage rage thro' all the host,
And stains with kindred blood the impious coast;
Then, while with horror sick'ning Nature groans,
And earth and heav'n the monstrous race disowns,—

Then the stern genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,
Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
The plagues of Hell on yon devoted shore.
What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way!
How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey!
I see their warriors gasping on the ground,
I hear their flaming cities crash around.—
In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
In vain with gen'rous rage the valiant burns.—
One common ruin, one promiscuous grave,
O'erwhelms the dastard, and receives the brave—
For Afric triumphs!—his avenging rage
No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
Their fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
He waves his flaming dart, and o'er their plains,
In mournful silence, desolation reigns—
Fly swift ye years!—Arise thou glorious morn!
Thou great avenger of thy race be born!
The conqu'ror's palm and deathless fame be thine!
One gen'rous stroke, and liberty be mine!
—And now, ye pow'rs! to whom the brave are dear,
Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear.
To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
To you that spirit which ye gave restore!
I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
No long eternity of happiness;—
But if unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
At your great call this being I have spilt,

For all the wrongs which innocent I share,
For all I've suffer'd, and for all I dare;
O lead me to that spot, that sacred shore,
Where souls are free, and men oppress no more!

END OF

EPISTLES HEROIC AND AMATORY.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES
HEROIC AND AMATORY.

EPISTLE I.

Page 1. THE Author of this Epistle was of Sidney College, Cambridge; and died at an early period, after having given various proofs of uncommon talents.

In 1728 was published a posthumous volume of his Poems.

EPISTLE III.

Page 16. The Duke of Suffolk, being at the instance of the Commons banished the realm, embarked for France, but was taken in his passage by a pirate, who, bringing him back to the English coast, beheaded him. Before his death, he is supposed to write the following lines to his paramour Queen Margaret. The incidents are chiefly taken from the first and second parts of Shakspere's historical plays of Henry the VIth.

21. *Here must I fall, fast by the rolling main*
(Nor was the mutter'd spell pronounc'd in vain,]

Bol. Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?
Sp. By water shall he die, &c.
See Shakspere, 2d Part of Henry VI. A. 1. S. 3.

22. *Of lordships wide and princely treasures vain,*
The Benedictine rears his stately fane:] Marmoutier, a noble convent of Benedictines of the regulation of St. Maur. This magnificent structure stands about half a league from Tours, on the banks of the river Loire, by the side of the cliff which skirts the river almost from Blois to Tours, and its lofty spire rises above the height of the rock. Amongst numerous treasures, it boasts the relics of St. Martin the patron Saint of Tours, and a ring of our Henry the Second, to whom Touraine, and most of the adjoining provinces which are watered by the Loire, belonged. The abbacy of this convent is annexed to the Archbishopric of Tours; the declivities of the rock, adjoining to this fabric, are famous for producing many excellent wines, the chief of which are exported at Bourdeaux. J.

24. *But now, alas! far other thoughts arise,*
Far other scenes distract my closing eyes!
For, ah!——————————] An excellent letter of this unfortunate nobleman to his son, just before his own death, and many other interesting anecdotes respecting him, are preserved in the very curious collection of the *Paston Letters*, lately published by Sir John Fenn.—One, which relates the particulars of his murder, is here subjoined:

"*To the ryght worchipfull John Paston, at Norwich.*

"Ryght worchipfull S^{r}. I recomaunde me to yow, and am right sory of that I shalle sey and have soo weshe this litel bill with sorwfulle terys that on ethes *(scarcely)* ye shalle reede it.

"As on Monday nexte after May (day 4th. *May*) the^{r} come tydyngs to London that on Thorsday before (30th of *April*) the Duke of Suff' come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dower with his ij shepes and a litel Spynn^{r} the qweche Spynn^{r} he sente with c^{r}teyn Lett^{rs} to c^{r}teyn of his trustid men unto Caleys warde to knowe howe he shuld be resceyvyd, and with hym mette a shippe callyd Nicolas of the Towre, with other shippis waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the Spyner the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowlich of the Dukes amyng, and whanne he espyed the Dukes shepis he sent forth his bote to wete what they were, and the Duke hym selfe spakke to hem, and seyd he was be the Kyngs comaundement sent to Caleys ward, &c.

"And they seyd he moste speke with here mast^{r} and soo he w^{t} ij or iij of his men wente forth wyth hem yn here bote to the Nicolas, and whanne he come the mast^{r} badde hym welcome Traito^{r} as mē sey, and for-th^{r} the maist^{r} desyryd to wete yf the Shepmen wolddeholde with the Duke, and they sent word the wold not ynn noo wyse, and soo he was yn the Nicolas tyl Sa-t^{r}day next (2d. *May*) folwyng.

"Soom sey he wrotte moche thenke to be delyu^{r}d

to the Kynge, but that is not verily knowe, he hadde his Confessor with him, &c.

" And some sey he was arreyned yn the sheppe on here manr upon the appechementes, and fonde gylty, &c.

" Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knew it he remembred Stacy that seid if he myght eschape the daungr of the Towr he shud be saffe, and than his herte faylyd hym for he thowght he was dyssevyd, and yn the syght of all drawyn ought of the grete Shippe yn to the Bote, and there was an Exe and a stoke and oon of the lewdeste (*meanest*) of the shippe badde hym ley down hys hedde and he shud be fair ferd wyth and dye on a swerd, and smotte of his hedde withyn halfe a doseyn strokes, and toke awey his Gown of russette and his Dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde his body on the Sonds of Dover, and some sey his hedde was sette oon a pole by it, and hes men sette on the londe grette circōstunce and prey [*that is*, as I understand it, after the most circumstancial proofs of their not being accessories with the Duke, and intreaties to be discharged] and the Shreve of Kent doth weche the body and sent his Under Shreve to the Juges to wete what to doo, and also to the Kenge whatte shalbe doo.

" Forther I wotte notte but this fer is yt yf the p's (*process*) be erroneos lete his concell reurse it," &c.

This letter was written on Tuesday 5 of May 1450, & in the 28 of Henry VI.

Sir John adds, that "the Duke's body was taken from Dover Sands, and carried to the Collegiate Church of Wingfield in Suffolk, where it lies interred under an altar tomb, in the Chancel, with his effigies in armor, painted, gilt, &c. carved in wood, lying on it. It is remarkably well executed, as is that of Alice his wife likewise, which lies at his right hand.

See Sir John Fenn's observations on the preceding narrative, in the *Collection of the Paston Letters*.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 26. The Princess Mary, Henry the Eighth's younger sister, being in love with the Duke of Suffolk, was, for public reasons, married to Lewis the Twelfth of France, who died in six months after. The Queen, again at liberty, is supposed to write this Epistle to the Duke of Suffolk, her first lover.

EPISTLE V.

Page 32. To this Epistle the following Dedication was originally prefixed:

To the right honorable MARY LEPEL, Baroness Dowager Hervey of Ickworth, distinguished by her superior accomplishments, as the admirer and protectress of every elegant art, this Poem is, with the greatest respect, inscribed, by her ladyship's obliged humble servant, GEORGE KEATE.

Lady Jane Gray hath ever been regarded, as one of the most amiable and perfect characters, that the Records of any Nation have delivered down to Posterity. The Circumstances of her life are uncommon, if not unexampled, and her misfortunes as singular, as was the fortitude with which she sustained them; all conspiring to render her a fit subject for this species of Heroic Poetry, of which we have but few pieces in our language; though it seems to have a peculiar advantage of conveying, in the happiest manner, the sentiments of such Characters as are worthy of being celebrated.

The variety of accomplishments, which this unfortunate Princess crowded into the short period of seventeen years, and above all, that justness of thinking which she attained in so early an age, have deservedly gained her the admiration of succeeding times.

But her story is so well known, that it would be impertinence to dwell upon it.—Wedded to a Man she loved, and whose youth and virtues made him worthy of her affection, called to a crown against her will, throned and dethroned within the little compass of a fortnight, dragged from her palace to her prison, separated from a husband doomed to death, and sentenced to lose her own head on a scaffold;—Such were the distresses that surrounded her, when I ventured to put the pen into her hand: awake as she was to every passion and delicacy of sentiment, which

Love, Disappointment, and Calamity could give birth to; yet, by the force of Religion, subduing their poignancy, and at last totally triumphing over them.

I much doubt whether I may have done sufficient justice to the character of this virtuous Lady; but hope at least, that I have not departed from Nature, in any Sentiment which I have attributed to her.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 46. Mr. Canning, the Author of this Epistle, was of the Middle Temple, and died April 11, 1771.

This Epistle is supposed to have been written by Lord Russel, on Friday night, July 20, 1683, in Newgate; that prison having been the place of his confinement for some days immediately preceding his execution.

49. *Press'd by my Friends, and* Rachel's *fond desires,*] Lady Rachel Russel, his wife. See for various particulars relative to this respectable victim, the letters of that lady.

50. *Let impious* Escrick *act such treacherous scenes,*] The perjuries of this noble Miscreant, against Lord Russel and Algernon Sydney, have branded his name with eternal infamy.

55. *Of right divine let foolish* FILMER *dream,*] Sir Robert, author of the Patriarcha, &c. in support of arbitrary power, which the delirium of the times only could have rendered objects of confutation to SYDNEY, LOCKE, and HOADLY.

60. *Let princely* Monmouth *courtly wiles beware,*
Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;] James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. was concerned in the plot for which Lord Russel suffered, but for that turn escaped.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 63. When Marius was expell'd from Rome by Sylla's faction, and retired into Africa, his son (who accompanied him) fell into the hands of Hiempsal king of Numidia, who kept him prisoner. One of the Mistresses of that king fell in love with Marius the younger, and was so generous to contrive and give him his liberty, though by that means she sacrificed her love for ever. It was after he had rejoined his father, that she is supposed to write. The substance of this Epistle is taken from *Fontenelle*.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 69. Pompey, when he was very young, fell in love with Flora, a Roman courtezan, who was so very beautiful that the Romans had her painted to adorn the temple of Castor and Pollux. Geminius (Pompey's friend) afterwards fell in love with her also; but she, prepossessed with a passion for Pompey, would not listen to Geminius. Pompey, in

compassion to his friend, yielded him his mistress, which Flora took so much to heart, that she fell dangerously ill; and in that sickness is supposed to write the foregoing letter to Pompey.

EPISTLE IX.

Page 74. Roxana, one of Usbeck's wives, was found (whilst he was in Europe) in bed with her lover, whom she had privately let in to the seraglio. The guardian eunuch, who discovered them, had the man murdered on the spot, and her close guarded till he received instructions from his Master how to dispose of her. During that interval she swallowed poison, and is supposed to write this letter whilst she is dying. The substance of the Epistle will be found in *Les Lettres Persannes*.

EPISTLE X.

Page 79. This Epistle, which Mr Walpole pronounces the best of Lord Hervey's poetical productions, was designed as an address to the honorable Antony Lowther, from Miss Sophia Howe, Maid of Honor.

EPISTLE XII.

Page 97. Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distin-

guished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. POPE.

The editor of Poems by eminent ladies in two vols. 12mo. printed for R. Baldwin in 1755, have ascribed this poem to Mrs. Madan, and paid her handsome compliments upon it; whereas Mr. Pattison was undoubtedly the author. In the memoirs of his life prefixed to his poems, there is a letter dated York, Oct. 20, 1726, wherein this poem is mentioned as Pattison's, and much commended.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 104. Mr. Cawthorne, born in the year 1720, at Sheffield in Yorkshire, was admitted of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, where he took his master's degree, and having received orders, became school-assistant in London to a Mr. Clare, whose Sister he afterward married. In the year 1760, he was killed by a fall

from his horse, not long after his appointment by the Skinner's Company to the School at Tunbridge, over which he presided with ability equal to his harshness. Two Sermons and this Epistle were published by him, and since his death a collection of his Poems.

To the original publication of ABELARD to ELOISA the following verses were annexed.

TO

MISS ———,

OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

WHEN Wit and Science trim'd their wither'd bays
At Petrarch's vice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heav'n-born genius, panting to explore
The scenes Oblivion wish'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's sad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the shade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the soft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her crest, Ambition learn'd to sigh,
And dove-like Pity stream'd in every eye.

Sick of the world's applause, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloise to charm,
He asks of verse to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various passions throb anew,
And hopes, my Fair, to steal a tear from you.

O blest with temper, blest with skill to pour
Life's every comfort on each social hour;
Chaste as thy blushes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for spleen;
Indulg'd to win, to soften, to inspire,
To melt with music, and with wit to fire;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to please,
Wisdom with smiles, and majesty with ease;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own!

These are thy honors, these will charms supply,
When those dear suns shall set in either eye;
While she, who, fond of dress, of paint and place,
Aims but to be a goddess in the face;
Born all thy sex illumines to despise,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wise,
Haunts for a year fantastically vain,
With half our Fribbles dying in her train;
Then sinks, as beauty fades and passion cools,
The scorn of coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

EPISTLE XIV.

Page 117. "This Epistle and the following were occasioned by the appearance in England of two Africans who had been trepanned by the captain of a trading vessel, and sold for slaves. One of them was a prince, intrusted to the wretch who betrayed him. A representation of their case by some of the crew to government, occasioned their being ransomed, and afterwards maintained, educated, and sent home to their own country, in a manner suitable to their

births and stations. The Author, eldest son of a worthy clergyman, vicar of Bourne in Lincolnshire, was born May 29, 1729; and sent at the age of sixteen to the University of Cambridge, where he was admitted sizer of Clare-Hall. In 1750 he took his batchelor's degree with great reputation, in 1758 his master's, and in 1766, that of doctor of laws. Having married and taken orders, on the foundation of the Magdalene Hospital he was appointed preacher; in 1763 he obtained from Bishop Squire, the prebend of Brecon; in 1765 was nominated one of the King's chaplains, and was afterwards presented to Hocliffe in Bedfordshire. Indulging himself in a profligate extravagance beyond what his income would support, he was weak enough to write an anonymous letter to the Lady of Earl Bathurst who was at that time Chancellor, offering a sum of money, if through her interest he might be promoted to St. George's, Hanover Square. The discovery of this folly hastened his ruin. He was struck off the list of King's chaplains in consequence, and as his extravagance knew no limits, he was prompted to forge a bond from the Earl of Chesterfield, for which he was tried at the Old Bailey, and being fully convicted, was executed at Tyburn, June 27, 1777."

123. *O!* Zara, *here, a story like my own,*
With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;]

An allusion to the play of Oroonoko, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to stay out its performance.

EPISTLE XVI.

Page 133. This Epistle was occasioned by a fact which had recently happened at the time of its first publication in 1773. A Negro, belonging to the Captain of a West-Indiaman, having agreed to marry a white woman, his fellow-servant, in order to effect his purpose, had left his master's house, and procured himself to be baptized; but being detected and taken he was sent on board the Captain's vessel then lying in the River; where, finding no chance of escaping, and preferring death to the West-Indies, he took an opportunity of shooting himself. As soon as his determination is fixed, he is supposed to write this Epistle to his intended Wife.

To this Epistle the following *Dedication* was prefixed:

Having been, "through indignation betrayed into the dangerous character of an Author, I sought among the professed philosophers of the eighteenth century, one whose name I might consistently prefix to an assertion of the rights of nature, and who would not blush at the homage of an unknown and unambitious bard. But I found that modern Philosophy herself participated of the refinement of modern manners: she has forgotten that she once inhabited the lowly cot of Socrates, and shared the frugal meals of Epaminondas; she no longer numbers in her train

Senators and Generals, who descending from seats of magistracy, or cars of triumph, did not disdain to cultivate with their victorious arms that earth which they had defended with their blood. Her votaries are not now those stubborn souls who defied the tyrant on his throne, or in his death vindicated the rights of their country and of mankind. Nor are the rugged manners of Cato and Brutus, now formidable to usurpers; nor do the harsh principles of Diogenes suffuse a momentary blush upon the cheek of monarchy. Modern Philosophy, like modern Honor, has chosen her residence in courts and palaces. There we find her favored votaries prostrate at the foot of thrones, and kissing the sacred dust. If she speak, it is to join her whispers to the thunders of prerogative, and to teach the subject world, that neither the will of Heaven, nor of Heaven-descended Kings, must be opposed.

Little qualified to sacrifice at the altars of this new divinity, I dared not implore the patronage of its ministers and priests; still less did I find myself disposed to invoke those literati of the Continent, who are enemies to princes, yet stoop to flatter their minions and sycophants; moralists, yet men of pleasure; philosophers, yet foes to natural religion; sceptics, yet dogmatical; and who, while they profess disinterestedness and independence, lead the venal muses to voluntary prostitution. Yet I found one man, whose matchless eloquence is less admirable than the

fortitude with which he has developed the principles, and defended the rights of human nature; whose virtue is as unequalled as his genius; and whose life is a nobler pattern of imitation than his writings; who, rejecting the supercilious bounty of the vain, yet unpitying and ungenerous, Great; exerts a painful industry amidst the evils and infirmities of old age, and prefers exile, poverty, and obscurity, to all the riches and the honors which ambitious meanness extorts from Kings.—After this portrait is it necessary to subscribe a name, and to acknowledge, that I dedicate this poem

TO

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU?

It is probable that this tribute to your virtues may never reach your ears, and that the following lines, like the occasion of them, will soon be consigned to oblivion. Yet on this first, and probably last occasion, in which I shall obtrude my sentiments upon the world, I may be excused, if I inscribe a piece, whose only merit is the humanity and freedom of its sentiments, to that Man, from whose writings I have principally derived them. Happy should I esteem myself could these feeble efforts once more awaken that irresistible eloquence, which was never prostituted to falshood, or denied to truth; those talents of reasoning and investigation, which can never fail to

convince the mind, that is not debased by voluntary and incorrigible error; and that virtuous enthusiasm which seems inspired by Heaven itself for the instruction of its creatures. How should I rejoice to see a cause like this rescued from my weak pen; to see the rights of humanity vindicated by him, who most intimately feels their force, and is most capable of expressing what he feels; to see that insolence, that successful avarice confounded, which, under the mask of commerce, has already ravaged the two extremities of the globe!—Astonish and instruct posterity by the dreadful spectacle of human crimes; and while you represent in one quarter of the world a band of insatiable wretches, spreading unprovoked desolation over its most beautiful regions; massacring the Bramin in the midst of his uncontaminated feasts, and staining with blood the purest altars of the Deity; let the other exhibit a race of Christian merchants, daily trafficking for hecatombs of their fellow-creatures in a lot; exhausting *Africa* to supply with slaves the countries they have depopulated in *America**; and annually reducing millions to a state of misery still more dreadful than death itself.—Should there be room for scenes less striking, though equally instructive and important, let your enchanting pencil

* In the single island of *Jamaica* above 60,000 of the natives are computed to have been cruelly exterminated by the first European settlers there.

exhibit a nation renowned for arts and arms; let the surrounding ocean be covered with her fleets; and let her boast an inflexible sternness, and an unconquerable valor. Paint a savage and gloomy liberty exulting amidst the shock of foreign invasions and domestic tumults: let her wield a bloody axe, and trample alike on the mitre and the diadem: let superstition and civil war conspire to exalt her, until she have triumphed over opposition, and erected a temple, whose foundations appear durable, as the world itself. Beneath a milder sky let peace introduce the genius and arts which adorned the states of Athens and of Rome, without insuring their duration: let gentler manners, and a less ferocious dignity succeed; let philosophy and science glory in a race of illustrious disciples, whose labors may dispel the gloom of fanaticism, and teach mankind whatever the Almighty has permitted them to know.—Here, while the delighted eye of presumption gazes with rapture, and pronounces the tablet perfect and eternal,—reverse the scene, and inscribe the motifying lesson of human imbecility. Introduce commerce and prosperity spreading over the land, and enervating the minds of men with a secret, but swift infection. Let avarice and sensuality succeed to honor; faction and servitude invade the asylum of liberty; and manly reason, like a fettered lion, be dragged in triumph by fashion and caprice.—Such are the scenes I would present to my Countrymen, could I boast an elo-

quence like your's, to explain the eternal principles which Providence has decreed, shall influence the fate of nations; the causes which exalt them to security and dominion, or plunge them into that abyss of baseness and corruption, whence they can no more emerge: such are the lessons for which you have been proscribed and persecuted by a world which you have enlightened. Yet has not the ingratitude of mankind ever tainted your philanthropy. You have taught us, that the sublime maxims of philosophy are not always confined to indolent speculation; you have shewn that a stoical severity is not always inconsistent with a feeling heart; and that the simplicity of ignorance is compatible with the most exalted genius *.

The trifle now inscribed with your name, was occasioned by a particular fact; but to the disgrace of human nature, the subject is sufficiently general to interest every heart not totally impenetrable. We boast of the gentleness of our manners, and think the rugged virtues of antiquity ill-adapted to the genius of the present times. When you ask if Brutus sold

* For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.

BEATTIE.

his country, or the Spartan matrons frequented assemblies of nocturnal riot, it is thought a sufficient answer to say, that we do not expose our children, or whip them at the altar of Diana; and that this is the age of generous sentiment, and refined humanity. I will not compare the education of an ancient Spartan with that of a British nobleman. Let eunuchs and *figurants*, those respectable guardians of modern discipline, insult the memory of Lycurgus; and fellows of colleges establish their monkish institutions on the ruin of the Lyceum. Let the present age enjoy the boldest panegyrics its admirers can bestow. But if our boasted improvements, and frivolous politeness, be well acquired by the loss of manly firmness and independence, if in order to feel as men it be necessary to adopt the manners of women, let us at least be consistent, nor mingle the excesses of barbarism with the weaknesses of civilization. There are certain forms in which vice appears not only monstrous, but ridiculous; the cruelty of Nero is more disgusting than that of Tiberius. When a benevolent mind contemplates the republic of Lycurgus, its admiration is mixed with a degree of horror. We behold a band of determined patriots, irresistible in war, and inflexible in peace; souls to which the severity of virtue was more engaging than its enjoyments; and who seemed to court the dangers of combat, only that they might refuse the rewards of victory. Yet this admirable republic is tainted by atrocities, which tar-

nish the lustre of its sublime institutions. When we reflect that to form a small society of heroes, a much greater number of men sunk below the rank of brutes; when we consider the unfortunate *Helotes*, abused, insulted, and enslaved; we less admire the exaltation of one part of our species, than we execrate the degradation of another; heroism becomes displeasing at such a price, and we prefer the calm of mediocrity to the terrors of so stormy an excellence. But let us not too hastily triumph in the shame of Sparta, lest we aggravate our own condemnation. Let us remember, there is a people who share the government and name of Britons; among whom the cruelty of Sparta is renewed without its virtue. It was some excuse for the disciples of Lycurgus, that if one man had been created by Heaven to obey another, the citizens he had formed best deserved the empire of the world. But what has *America* to boast? What are the graces or the virtues which distinguish its inhabitants? What are *their* triumphs in war, or their inventions in peace? Inglorious soldiers, yet seditious citizens; sordid merchants, and indolent usurpers; behold the men, whose avarice has been more fatal to the interests of humanity, and has more desolated the world than the ambition of its ancient Conquerors! For them the Negro is dragged from his cottage, and his plantane shade *;—by them the

* These observations are by no means to be confined to the West Indies. "The number of Negroes in the Southern Co-

fury of African tyrants is stimulated by pernicious gold; the rights of nature are invaded; and European faith becomes infamous throughout the globe. Yet, such is the inconsistency of mankind! these are the men whose clamours for liberty and independence are heard across the Atlantic Ocean! Murmurings and rebellions are the first fruits of their gratitude, and thus America recompences Europe for the protection she has bestowed.—But are the hopes and fortunes of the species indeed fallen so low, that freedom will desert that country, whose warriors and philosophers have so often conspired to defend her, to seek an asylum in the forests of America?—Much as an impartial observer may find to blame in Britain, her colonies, I fear, are not more acceptable to Providence.—Let the wild inconsistent claims of America prevail, when they shall be unmixed with the clank of chains, and the groans of anguish. Let her aim a dagger at the breast of her milder parent, if she can advance a step without trampling on the dead and dying carcasses of her slaves:—But let her remember; it is in Britain alone, that laws are equally favorable to liberty and humanity; it is in Britain that the sacred

lonies of North America is equal, if not superior, to that of the white men.—Their condition is truly pitiable; their labor excessively hard, their diet poor and scanty, their treatment cruel and oppressive. They cannot but be a subject of terror to those who so inhumanly tyrannize over them."

BURNABY'S Travels through North America in 1760.

rights of nature have received their most awful ratification.—Could I flatter myself that I might contribute to such a cause, or interest the generous minds of my Countrymen to extend an ampler protection to the most innocent and miserable of their own species, I should congratulate myself that I had not lived in vain.—For the rest, I trust, that the motive of the writer will, in your eyes, atone for his defects, and that you will allow him the only merit he assumes, truth and sincerity, when he subscribes himself a friend to human nature; and, consequently,

Your FRIEND *and* ADMIRER.

THE END.

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APR